PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 23 1935

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. X. No. 229 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments	Page 49	Plays and Pictures	Page 63
Mr. Baldwin's Apologia	52	Books in General. By David Garnett	64
A Land Fit for Heroes	53	Reviews:	
The Nemesis of Manchuria	54	The Great Wen. By C. M. Lloyd.	65
A London Diary	55	Historical Imagination. By Ralph Wright	65
This England	56	Miss Compton Burnett. By Raymond Mortimer	66
How Much Truth Should a Doctor Tell? By Harry Roberts	56	The Evolution of Law. By J. A. Hobson	66
Brighter Broadcasting. By Sagittarius	57	New Novels. By Peter Quennell	67
Correspondence	57	A Marxist Critic. By Michael Roberts	68
From Katy Y. Rintoul; Prof. J. H. Muirhead; C. B. O. Mohr; C. A. Mace; Dr. R. Macdonald Ladell; William Kneale; Sir Evelyn Wrench; W. C. S.; Capt. Philip S. Mumford; T. A. Lyon.		Planned Building. By Irene T. Barclay	68
		The Affectionate Muse. By Laurence Whistler	69
		Lord Peter Wimsey.	70
		Official History.	70
Italian Art in Paris. By Kenneth Clark	60	Shorter Notices	72
An Irish Holiday	62	Week-end Competitions	72
		The Week in the City. By Toreador	78

The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE breakdown of the Italo-Abyssinian Commission at The Hague can have surprised no one. Italy never meant these "conciliation" proceedings to succeed, except on her own terms. Her representatives refused to hear evidence to show that Wal Wal—the starting-point of the whole dispute—is in Abyssinian territory, and they refused thereafter to have a fifth arbitrator nominated. The next move is with the Council of the League, which is pledged to meet, failing agreement between the parties by July 25th, to appoint this arbitrator. But it seems more than doubtful whether Italy will consent to take part in any such special session, and her refusal may precipitate a "crisis" at Geneva. In the meantime, ominous as The Hague breakdown may look, it does not mean that the war will begin to-morrow or next week. Weather conditions make any serious military operations impossible before September. Mussolini will presumably use this interval to amass an army of 250,000 men—or 400,000, as some say—and the rest of us will use it in deciding how, if at all, he is to be stopped.

"What Shall We Do with the Drunken Duce?"

We do not doubt the British Government's anxiety to prevent this villainous adventure, with all the consequences that it will involve not merely in Africa, but in Europe and in Asia too. (Japan has developed a more than academic interest in the Ethiopian kingdom.) But all our efforts at peaceful persuasion of Mussolini have failed, and Mr. Eden's well-meant, if clumsy, attempt to buy him off has only made matters worse. He is drunk with power and pride and patriotism, and intends to get what he wants in his own way. It is the duty of the League to stop him. The means of stopping him are plain enough, and the difficulty that we are bound, by the treaty of 1888, to keep the Suez Canal open to ships of all nations, alike in war and in peace, could obviously be got over in the circumstances of 1935. But the application of sanctions under the Covenant involves concerted action. Great Britain cannot be expected to move alone, whilst other Powers look on idly or with positive disapproval. And it appears that the French, whose co-operation is essential, positively disapprove of any forcible restraint of Italy; they are desperately afraid of antagonising Mussolini. For this prudence they, as well as others, may have to pay a heavy price in the end. There is still, of course, a faint chance of an eleventh-hour compromise that would avert the war and the collapse of the League, whilst saving Abyssinia's face. But it would have to be a compromise in which her face is about all that Abyssinia would save.

Fascism in France

Colonel de la Rocque, the leader of the Croix de Feu in France, was talking big the other day, so big indeed that

it seemed as if he had been taken too lightly. He proclaimed that he did not care a damn for legality, and hinted plainly at a *Putsch*. But since then he has changed his tune. Which tune his followers are to dance to is not clear. The Croix de Feu, he says, is not a Fascist body, neither is it, as its enemies assert, subsidised by Big Business. It is all paid for by the subscriptions of its members, good disinterested patriots, who do not contemplate violence, nor the abolition of Parliament; they only want to give Parliament a "different status," and to achieve "economic equilibrium" by the organisation of professions and industries on a corporate basis. All this, which bears some resemblance to what we have heard in this country from Sir Oswald Mosley, does not quite reassure the French democrats. For the moment Colonel de la Rocque may be only a noise; but there was a period when Hitler seemed only a noise. It is well that the forces of the Left are trying to profit by German experience and pull together instead of in opposite directions. They may need all their strength in the near future.

This Week in America

In the United States, the struggle over the Public Utilities Bill is still going on; Mr. Roosevelt is apparently still determined to get his defeat in the House of Representatives reversed if he can. The Senate, instead of accepting the House amendments, has now referred the Bill to a conference between the two Houses, in which the struggle will be fought out over again. The still more serious conflict over the amendments to the Banking Bill has yet to come; it seems hardly conceivable that the President will accept Senator Carter Glass's amendments, which would actually decrease the Administration's hold over the banking system, and deprive it of the power to control the open market policy of the Federal Reserve Banks. In another field, Mr. Roosevelt's new tax proposals remain unformulated; Mr. Morgenthau, in his evidence upon them, threw no fresh light on the actual scales proposed. He did, however, make it plain that the intention was to apply the proceeds of any taxes levied on inheritance to debt reduction, and not to meeting current expenditure. This presumably is meant to counter the demand that the new money should be used for meeting the veterans' bonus claims. In yet another field, the slackening of American buying has caused a big unloading of silver by speculators who had been holding it for a rise, and silver prices have fallen back. There has, however, been no declared reversal of the policy of forcing up the price a great deal farther; and the drop may be only temporary, and meant to teach the speculators a lesson. The silver States are again pressing the President as hard as they dare; and there seems to be no special reason why he should change his mind.

The Milk Scheme in Danger

The Milk Marketing Board has offered to take a poll of all registered producers if five hundred producers so desire. The purpose of this procedure, which is in accordance with the terms of the Marketing Acts, would be to decide whether the Milk Scheme is to continue or not. The scheme as it stands has led to a good deal of dissatisfaction among those producers who would have the best chance in its absence of selling their milk in the liquid market, and it has undoubtedly, in face of the very low prices realised for "manufacturing" milk, cost them money which has gone to subsidise the milk producers who are less favourably placed. This is the necessary consequence of the pooling scheme; and a further complaint against it is that it gives no adequate advantage to the producers of high-quality milk. On the other hand, if the scheme were allowed to collapse, the milk producers whose product is sold chiefly in the manufacturing market would suffer very severe losses. We observe that the Chairman of the Milk Board is now proposing to raise prices in the manufacturing market by means of an import levy on manufactured milk products. This would certainly cause serious trouble with the Dominions, which are still standing out against the proposed levy on imported meat. In some quarters a subsidy to the milk producers is being demanded as the alternative to a levy on imports; but this will cause trouble with the taxpayers. After all, the milk industry as a whole is now selling its product under the Marketing Scheme at a remunerative price. The demand for more money is therefore a demand for an excessive price. If the present system penalises the more fortunately situated producers, that is assuredly no reason why the consumers or the taxpayers should be called upon to pay more.

The Cotton Bill

The opposition to the new scheme for the cotton industry has become very vocal against the Government Bill. The opponents, who represent chiefly the better-equipped and better-placed firms, are up in arms against the proposal to compel them to pay a levy for the buying-up of "redundant" spindles, and at the same time to prevent them from installing additional up to date machines. They contend that many of the spindles which they will have to contribute to buying up have in fact been out of operation for years, and that the £2,000,000 which is to be applied to this purpose will in fact go mainly to the secured creditors of obsolete businesses—*i.e.* the banks—and will do little or nothing to help towards setting the industry more firmly on its feet. Although the Bill evidently has the support of a majority of the spinners, these arguments of the opposition appear to have a good deal of force. We cannot but remember how much of the money sunk in the Cotton Trade Corporation went to the buying of obsolete plant chiefly for the benefit of secured creditors, and how little the C.T.C. has in fact contributed to tidying up the mess. The weakness of the opposition is that it seems to have no alternative to propose, except a war of extermination that will gradually drive out the less efficient firms.

The Pepper Report

The Official Receiver's report on the compulsory liquidation of Messrs. James and Shakspeare (which is also discussed this week on our City page) confirms what has been said earlier about the extraordinary mismanagement of the firm's affairs, and the diversion of its resources to purposes of which most of those who subscribed its capital in good faith could have entertained no suspicion. It also brings out the ease with which, in a business of this sort, one or two of the partners or directors, or even a single dominant financial personality, can "let in" his colleagues without their knowing what is being done. But most of all it shows the evil of pyramiding company upon com-

pany, till their finances become inextricably mixed, and the public is quite unable to discover where the real responsibility even for the grossest form of speculation lies. In this case, the Official Receiver, because of the uncertainty, goes out of his way to put on record the statement of Mr. Reginald McKenna that he subscribed for shares in the company as an ordinary investor, did not investigate the figures contained in the prospectus, and had no idea that the funds would be used for financing speculation in shellac or pepper. A similar statement is recorded from Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, who is concerned with Mr. McKenna in the companies controlling the Dean Finance Company, which sub-underwrote a large block of James and Shakspeares' shares. It appears that neither of these gentlemen had any knowledge of James and Shakspeares' interest in pepper, or of the scale and nature of the firm's dealings in shellac. What we want to know now, far more explicitly than the Official Receiver has told us, is simply this. Who were the responsible inspirers of this outrageous ramp? And, what is next to be done, now that the Official Receiver has presented his report?

Dying at Sea

Since the crew of the *Blairgowrie* are dead their evidence is not available for the Commission which is inquiring into the loss last winter of five British merchant ships. The evidence of former members of the *Blairgowrie* crew makes ugly reading, and the Wreck Commission over which Lord Merrivale is presiding concluded that it was unable to give any assurance that the ship was seaworthy in hull or equipment. Her steering gear appears to have been of an unsatisfactory pattern and to have been inadequately mended on the last occasion that it broke. She foundered so quickly in a storm that the Commission thinks that "causes other than the weather contributed to her loss." Legally speaking, her manning was adequate; for "practical purposes" it was insufficient. Her defects as a sea-going ship were well-known and "those in authority" should have made "a thorough investigation." A judicial Commission of Inquiry could scarcely be expected to say more. The comments of sailors, who are required to go to sea knowing that the economies of owners and the complacence of inspectors may be condemning them to such conditions are unlikely to be printable, but certain to be to the point.

Pacifism a Crime?

We shall be interested to see what Sir John Simon, whose great legal knowledge should be valuable at the Home Office, will have to say about the recent activities of the police at the air displays at Hendon, Mildenhall and Duxford. In a letter published in our columns this week, Mr. C. B. O. Mohr makes serious allegations which are supported by the evidence of a number of very reputable eye-witnesses. In brief, the allegations are that in several cases the police arbitrarily confiscated pacifist literature (it was general pacifist, not communist, literature) which was being sold at the gates by representatives of various pacifist societies, and that they detained peaceable citizens, whom they later released, without offering any charge against them. Ironically enough, they appear to have detained not Communists but "respectable persons," including two Quakers and a member of the Labour Party. As there seems to have been no hint of any disturbance and no protest by members of the public against the distribution of this literature, it is not easy to see how the police can justify their interference on the ground of "insulting behaviour likely to result in a breach of the peace." The important issue, however, both from the point of view of the law and from the wider aspect of civil liberty, is whether the police had in any case the right to confiscate this literature or to detain, without charging, those who distributed it.

The Ribbon Scandal

When people of the calibre of Lord Lothian and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher took up the question of ribbon development, when they received the enthusiastic support of the *Times*, and when finally the Government sponsored a Ribbon Development Bill, we were naturally delighted. Here at last, we said in our innocence, is one of those urgent reforms that we are often told a Conservative Government can accomplish more easily than any other. Examination of the Bill disillusioned us. As a civil servant, used to the technicalities of town planning, remarked the other day, the Bill was "a dead letter before it ever reached Parliament." Property-holders who feared that the Bill might be effective were reassured by a leading article in the *Times* of July 9th. It gave a list of safeguards against anything being done under the Bill. They are overwhelming. The fact that the cost of compensation will fall wholly on the ratepayers means in practice that, other safeguards apart, very few local authorities will even attempt to raise the necessary money. It is a deplorable story—all the more deplorable because there is not the slightest doubt about the sincerity of the sponsors of this Bill or of the *Times* which, on issues of this kind, has an admirable record. But the *Times*, like other people, must decide, in this as in all issues, whether its first object is to abolish an evil or whether it puts the safeguarding of vested interests first. Even the *Times* cannot have it both ways.

Patent Medicine Advertising

On various occasions this journal has called attention to the scandalous character of much of the trade in patent medicines. Such attacks are rarely, if ever, found in daily and Sunday newspapers, because more money is spent on advertising patent medicines than on any other group of advertised goods. We are, therefore, glad to see that an influential delegation, representing the B.M.A. and other medical and associated bodies, the local authorities, the Advertising Association and important sections of the press, has approached the Minister of Health on this topic. We fear, however, that the legislation proposed is inadequate. We doubt if patent medicine advertisers would be seriously inconvenienced by a law making it a punishable offence to tell such a palpable lie as that this or that pill is a certain cure or prevention in cases of cancer or consumption. The huge, mainly poor and uneducated, public which spends its earnings on these often worthless or harmful drugs is scarcely likely to be saved by a change of wording which substitutes for the word "cure" attractive phrases about the "instant relief," etc., to be purchased for a shilling or half a crown.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1. *The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1d.; *Foreign,* 1½d.; *Canada,* 1d.

MR. BALDWIN'S APOLOGIA

THE result of the Labour vote of censure on the Government for their failure to deal with the mischief of unemployment was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Baldwin has a majority in the House of Commons of four or five hundred faithful supporters, who can be counted to vote for him, as they did last Tuesday, whatever he may say or do. But his defence of the Government's action—or inaction—could not have convinced a soul in the country, and it left a number even of those on his own side profoundly uneasy. The charge against him was that he had produced no plan to cope with unemployment. His answer to that was that he did not believe in plans, but that he had what was far, far better—a policy. This policy, we were given to understand, had brought us out of the wilderness of depression into—or at least half into —the promised land of prosperity. Mr. Baldwin disavows complacency, as he well may with 2,000,000 unemployed in front of him and the "Special Areas" all around him. But he is satisfied that the Government have applied the right remedies, and that the rival doctors, Socialists and Liberals, planners and New Dealers, are dangerous quacks.

What are these remedies? They make a strange catalogue of hand-to-mouth expedients—tariffs and subsidies, agricultural restriction schemes, Ottawa agreements to stimulate trade with the Dominions, bilateral agreements to stimulate trade with foreign countries (Danes and others please note!), cheap money, balanced budgets. It is an imposing record. It would be more imposing if there were not still 2,000,000 out of work, many of them living in despair and on the verge of destitution. Nor has the boasted "restoration of prosperity" yet lightened the work of the public assistance authorities. At the beginning of the National Government's term of office there were some 953,000 people on the poor law; last December the total had risen to 1,620,000, and that, as Mr. Greenwood observed, in a period of expanding trade. Many of these, it is true, will now be taken out of the poor law into the care of another authority. But the initial efforts of the Unemployment Assistance Board have resulted in a fiasco, and the Government can hardly claim credit for their methods of palliating the lot of the unemployed. Even in such subsidiary schemes, good in principle, as the supply of milk to elementary schoolchildren they have shown themselves niggardly, and the Board of Education is actually engaged in trying to whittle down even this inadequate provision.

But these are matters with which the Prime Minister was not concerned in Tuesday's debate. His theme was the increase of employment. On two important proposals for effecting that he said nothing. The Government are not interested in the raising of the school-leaving age or in retiring pensions for the older men in industry. For a third proposal, which he obviously could not ignore altogether, he had a large bucket of cold water. "A lavish expenditure on public works," he said, "could be justified only if it gave such an incentive to industry as would at the same time enable the country to bear the burden, and also create such a momentum as would give the necessary volume of employment when the expenditure ceased." Mark the word "lavish"—to convey the idea of wastefulness at the very outset! But, of course, Mr. Baldwin hastens to add, the Government are not unwilling to see some money spent. Have they not assisted the building of the *Queen Mary*, proposed subsidies and loans to shipping owners, and guarantees in respect of Lancashire spindles and London transport? And there may be other items to add to the list very shortly, when the Special Commissioners report what they are going to do with the stingy allowance they can get out of the Treasury. It is not surprising that Mr. Lloyd George, after hearing this tale of pills to cure an earthquake, abandoned any lingering hopes he may have had of the Cabinet interesting itself in his "New Deal." Nor is it surprising that Sir John Simon, in winding up the debate, should have tried to divert attention from the weakness of the Government's case by the familiar dodge of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. But jibes at Mr. Herbert Morrison and blackguarding Sir Stafford Cripps may evoke "Ministerial cheers" and delight the readers of the *Morning Post*; they do nothing to disprove the contention that a plan is a vital necessity and the absence of a plan a calamity.

If Mr. Baldwin's objection to a planned economy merely meant that he did not believe it would instantly reduce the unemployment figure to zero, we should not quarrel with him. No sensible planner—certainly none of those who supported the vote of censure in the House of Commons—believes that. Expectations based on the effect of the Five Year Plan in Russia must not be pitched too high; Russian conditions are different from ours. But national planning in Britain would mean a large and rapid and permanent reduction in the numbers of the unemployed. It is hopeless to look for any such reduction under Mr. Baldwin's so-called "policy." That policy is the maintenance of capitalism—a capitalism which may appear to some a travesty of the nineteenth-century ideal of *laisser faire*, but which has succeeded, despite all its vicissitudes, in retaining its fundamental and most mischievous features. This capitalism now presents us with the problem of poverty in the midst of plenty, and it has no solution to offer—except the petty shifts that are proposed by politicians and opposed, if they seem to threaten capitalist interests, by the capitalists themselves. There will be no satisfactory solution, we believe, without a radical change of the economic system—until, in fact, Socialism supersedes capitalism; for a planned capitalist economy, if it is not a contradiction in terms, is a chimera.

Nevertheless, it is possible, even under the present system, in this country to-day, to do something more effective than the Government have done to put men into work. It is a scandal that their dealing with the distressed areas should be an "admitted failure." The Prime Minister tried on Tuesday to extenuate this admission that he had once been frank enough to make, by talking of the recent "marked improvement." It is an improvement, we fear, which the workless workers of Tyneside and Clydeside and South Wales have not yet noticed. And what an ironic comment finally he made on his own policy! He hoped that not only the London transport scheme, but "the expansion of the air defences which we have been obliged to sanction," would find employment for suitable men from the depressed areas. And he appealed to employers who are laying down new works "to show their gratitude to the country for protecting them with a tariff by going where the country needs them most—to these areas." Mr. Baldwin's apologia ought to lose the Government several hundred seats.

A LAND FIT FOR HEROES

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

THE general line in England to-day is, it seems, to feel that Germany is settling down quite nicely—a few little un-Englishnesses, but then foreigners will be foreign. One's first superficial impression of Berlin, round about the glorious anniversary of June 30th, 1934, seems to tell the same tale; there are so few Brown Shirts and so many Jews that one might almost be back in Weimar Germany.

Nothing could be more disastrously deceptive than this impression. It is, of course, true that a number of Lutheran pastors were recently released from concentration camps with a view to soothing the dear British Brother. And it is, of course, true that Dr. Schacht has the situation "well in hand." This is to say that he has succeeded in reducing the standard of life by almost imperceptible, and therefore almost irresistible stages. More and more the creation of work and the process of rearmament have become synonymous, and the March conscription announcement may be described rather as their inevitable effect than as the cause of any marked developments since that month. There is no possible doubt that capital industries are booming on rearmament, and builders are thriving on all the new barracks. Consumption goods are not doing well, but there seems to be some truth in the claim that this is partly explained by the buying to hoard which took place last autumn. The problem of rehabilitating the export trade is as desperate as ever. It looks as if Dr. Schacht were about to raise a compulsory levy of one and a half milliard marks to subsidise exports; during the last week or so he has been fixing the contributions which the different industries are to make, and it has been elaborately explained that Germany would never think of dumping. She is, of course, longing for a fresh international monetary crisis, under cover of which she could slip off the nominal gold standard.

Schacht and the "reactionaries" are having their way with regard to economic organisation. The price they and their countrymen and Europe must pay for this is to give the wild men their head in other directions, juridical and—most important of all—cultural. Schacht admits frankly that the reign of law ought to be re-substituted for the reign of the Secret Police. The concessions to the extremists are regarded as a temporary necessity, more particularly while the Reichswehr leaders are, as they are bound to be for some time, preoccupied with sorting and training the new recruits. The result of this compromise between the Conservatives and the full-blooded Nazis is a *Kulturkampf* by the side of which Bismarck's squabble with the Catholics sinks into insignificance. And it is here that British opinion could make itself strongly felt. Liberal and intellectual opinion in Germany is in despair over the cowardice of England. "Can't you make your countrymen understand that we are fighting for all the values upon which European civilisation depends?" people have been saying to me every day. "Our Government hangs upon your lips, but instead of speaking the words which could help us, having waited till barbarians rule us, you come to terms with them merely, it seems, because they are strong; the *Times*, meanwhile, bristles with letters about grasping the proffered hand of friendship."

In the Germany whose respectability we have now guaranteed with the naval agreement the maltreatment of the Jews is being carried to hitherto unknown lengths, while every genuine Christian and every genuine intellectual or artist is subjected to spasmodic and arbitrary persecution. The reason why there are so many Jews about Berlin is that life in smaller towns or in the country has by now become intolerable for them. Thanks to Statthalter Sprenger, Hessen is probably as bad as Streicher's Franconia, but there has been a big press campaign since about March in which the *Westdeutsche Beobachter* (Cologne and Aix) and the *Frankfurter Volksblatt* have been conspicuous too. "You may as well look for virginity in an old whore as for honour and a sense of right in a Jew," is a typically charming *mot* I have received from Munich. Dr. Goebbels' reference to fleas in his speech on June 29th was merely the culmination of the recent offensive. Berlin has become the refuge of the German Jews, but it is by no means a safe refuge. The metropolitan police, presumably out of consideration for foreign susceptibilities, have just forbidden the affixing of notices saying "You are stealing the nation's wealth if you buy from a Jew," but both S.A. and civilian groups have been mobbing Jews, and since so many ice-cream vendors are Jews the hot weather added to the fun.

As for the Christians, there is no doubt that the smuggling currency trials have injured the Catholics very severely, though there is some feeling that the whole affair had a slight smell of Reichstag Fire methods. The Protestants speak of refounding their whole organisation independently of the State, with a theological faculty perhaps at Elberfeld. They would, in this case, have to face the risk of dissolution by the State as a politically undesirable organisation.

Of the conditions under which art and learning struggle to keep faintly alive, two incidents will provide sufficient illustration. This spring the University of Berlin was compelled to accept as its Rector a vet of about thirty-five, because none of the ordinary professors were sufficiently tough to please the regime. This man ordered the students to a pseudo-military parade. He gave them a Nazi harangue, at the end of which he said they could now go back to their intellectual studies since he had no objection! Those who failed to parade were, I am told, sent down. My second story is the story of the Twenty-Six pictures. Also in the spring, the Berlin painters were invited to send an exhibition to Munich. They got together quite a good show, which was therefore, on its arrival, volubly condemned as not *völkisch* enough by Gauleiter Adolf Wagner. The pictures were hung, however; so Wagner sent two of his men along, who proceeded to take down, with a magnificent indifference to quality or authorship, twenty-six pictures at random. The result was that the Munich public, headed by the Statthalter of Bavaria and a remarkably civilised official from the Ministry of Propaganda, concentrated their attention upon the side-room where the twenty-six pictures were stacked!

A great many officials are struggling, some of them valiantly, against the barbarian yoke, hence the anti-bureaucrat cry which has been added to the Goebbels' list. What the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* describes as "the see-saw struggle between the Conservative Moderates and fanatical National-Socialists" has reduced Germany to division and chaos in nearly every direction but that of rearmament. The Moderates, backed by the generals, feel sure they will win in the end, and Dr. Goebbels shows other signs of the nervousness which must be presumed to account for some of his recent oratorical excesses. Conscription is on the side of the Moderates, but even that does not really checkmate the S.S., whose recruits may be taken straight from the Hitler Youth, who escape service in the Army altogether. The S.A. count for nothing nowadays, but the S.S. is a formidable affair if only through its close association with the Gestapo and the terrible power wielded by this secret police. The most sinister figures in Germany to-day are Himmler's second-in-command, Heiderich, and the brutal Statthalter of Saxony and S.S. man, Martin Mutschmann. The new S.S. weekly, *Das Schwarze Korps*, makes plain to any reader that the S.S. is pledged to neo-paganism and every sort of dehumanisation. Their ideal is to be hard and simple; indeed, fanatical National Socialism is a kind of "Back to the Animal" campaign. And physically anyone is at their mercy; in the last instance they fear nothing but the Army.

On July 1st the *Manchester Guardian* drew attention to some of the more horrifying perpetrations of the Gestapo with regard to recently arrested "red" working-men. To the facts then revealed with regard to terror in Saxony, Hamburg and the Ruhr, I can only add that it has been possible to confirm many of them from other sources, that the officials responsible for the atrocities at Essen were three Criminal-Police Com-

missars and one S.S. *Sturmband Führer*, and that the Balkan torture of trussing people up in painful attitudes was also used. It seems that the Gestapo has become rather more nervous about red activities of late. Socialist and Communist groups continue to work underground, still wasting some of their energy by being at loggerheads with one another. No sober judge, however, least of all the conspirators themselves, expects that more than conspiracy is possible until after the outbreak of war, or until after the first big disillusionment brought by war. Though the importance of the strikes which have occurred of late, at the A.E.G. works in Berlin, and at the *Wanderer* motor-works in Chemnitz for instance, should not be exaggerated, from the official point of view the morale of the workers appears to be deteriorating. It seems certain that the authorities suspected foul play at Reinsdorf. At the Nazi rally on June 29th there was the usual glorification of the S.A. heroes who had conquered Red Berlin. Not long ago, however, at a Labour Exchange in a poor district in Berlin, a man coming out with the news that he had work was greeted by a voice from the crowd with "Another thousand less unemployed!" A second man and it became 50,000, and with the third 100,000. The police hurriedly offered money up to £5 and more for information as to the source of these seditious comments. They even arrested a whole crowd of unemployed men standing round, but they never discovered the criminal.

Agreements with Germany may be quite a good thing, for they probably strengthen the Moderates in the end, but they should surely be accompanied by more criticism, not less. And it should never be forgotten that the Führer is a Moderate only *ad hoc*. Julius Streicher is his oldest and perhaps his dearest friend, and Hitler's subjective pacifism will mean peace at any price that Germany demands once the breakneck pace of rearmament has brought the goal within reach.

THE NEMESIS OF MANCHURIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

PUBLIC interest in international affairs during the past few weeks has been concentrated upon two topics—the Anglo-German naval agreement and the Abyssinian question. British diplomacy in both fields has come in for criticism on all sides; we seem to have treated the French worse than badly and we seem to have made rather a *gaffe* over the Italian-Abyssinian quarrel. The criticism, in fact, appears to be legitimate and reasonable enough when each of the problems involved is examined in isolation. Yet in each case it is essential to view the problem in a wider perspective and with some grasp of the peculiar and intimidating difficulties of British policy as a whole. However much the British Government may have bungled either job, its moves have hardly been as innocent or even as mistaken as the good European among us might suppose. For it is above all the good European who has not yet discarded the Kiplingesque notion that East is East and West is West, and who has not yet realised that all these seemingly disconnected moves of ours are pretty closely related to the problem which is likely to dominate British foreign policy for perhaps the next fifty years—the menace of Japan.

Half the misunderstanding revealed in much of the criticism of our recent handling of foreign affairs arises from the short-sighted belief that Japanese competition can be met, and that Japan's occupation of Manchuria and her encroachments in north China affect us only indirectly and remotely. This is so far from the truth that, in point of fact, the menace of Japan plays a leading part in any calculation of Britain's policy in Europe. Take the naval agreement with Germany. The Japanese denunciation of the Washington Treaty has thrown the entire future of British naval policy and of Empire policy alike into the melting-pot, so that any attempt on our part to achieve some form of naval disarmament, or even mere limitation in the prospective naval race after 1936, must involve preliminary bargaining with any potential allies of Japanese policy. Of such potential allies the most threatening of all, needless to say, is Germany. Thus Germany's consent to a fixed ratio of 35 per cent., though this may involve us in a costly programme of replacement, represents on our side a valuable negotiating factor at any forthcoming conference. It is true that the German readiness to accept this figure was dictated by the knowledge that it would be more than sufficient to transform the Baltic into a German lake, and that the agreement was thus obtained at the expense of tacit British acceptance of Germany's expanionist designs upon Russia and the Baltic States. In this sense, therefore, it lends itself to a concerted German-Japanese partition of Russian territory. It is precisely this kind of temporary diversion of the Japanese menace, however, which appeals to an influential section of Conservative opinion.

Similarly, with regard to Abyssinia, British policy is here confronted with the problem created by the Japanese penetration of the African continent. The immediate objective of safeguarding the sources of the Blue Nile has doubtless been achieved—whatever the result of the impending Italian-Abyssinian conflict—by diplomatic methods at the Abyssinian Court. Of more ultimate and far more serious consequence, however, is the situation that would arise from the establishment of Japanese political and economic mastery over the last remaining independent kingdom in Africa. The prospect has its menace not only for Britain, already sufficiently perturbed by the vulnerability of Kenya and by the progress of Japanese economic penetration along the whole length of East Africa, but for all "white" interests in the continent. Indeed, the gravity of the issues facing the white regime in Africa is fairly plainly borne out by the suspiciously efficient organisation of the recent native rioting in the Rhodesian copper belt. Mussolini's claim that he is fighting a white man's battle in Abyssinia is in a sense no empty boast, though the foe is not the Ethiopian.

Apart from the naval conference, which may or may not assemble in the autumn, and apart from the hostilities which will probably break out in Abyssinia in the autumn, British policy is endeavouring to stem the Japanese menace nearer its home—that is, in China. The imminent departure for China of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, the Treasury economic adviser to H.M. Government, suggests that we are at last thinking about ways of consolidating Chinese resistance to the Japanese advance. The Japanese have already announced the impending formation of a North China Development Company as a subsidiary of the Southern Manchurian Railway (the official organisation for the economic development of Manchuria), and it is obvious from the speed with which Japanese penetration has advanced from Korea to the Yellow River that it is only a matter of a few years before white interests, British and American, in the Yangtse valley and in south China will be imperilled. If the rigid exclusion of white interests (oil and tobacco, for instance) from Manchuria offers any guidance, the extension of Japanese influence to the Yangtse valley would spell the virtual elimination of Hong Kong and all it stands for in respect of British trade, with a pretty formidable threat to Malaya, the East Indies and even Australia thrown in.

It is significant that Sir Frederick is travelling to the East *via* Washington, since it is only by means of a "united white front" that the slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" can be effectively countered. The silver problem is one of the first hurdles to be negotiated in Washington. American silver policy, inaugurated as a benevolent gesture to raise the standard of living in the silver-using countries (of which China is much the most important), has had, in common with many more of President Roosevelt's benevolent gestures, unexpected and ironical consequences for those it should have favoured; it has, indeed, created a financial crisis in China by draining away its silver resources, and has thus robbed the Chinese of what means they possessed of withstanding Japanese agression. For the rest it remains to be seen whether this belated form of Anglo-American co-operation, assuming that it is achieved,

will be able to halt the Japanese advance, except at the cost of throwing a vast deal of good new money after bad and perhaps of establishing a virtual protectorate over enormous areas of southern China.

However much Radical and Socialist opinion in this country may detest the imperialist idea and all that it means in terms of human exploitation, it is no use blinking facts of this nature in the attempt to grasp the problems of British policy. We may deplore the present piecemeal approach to the intricate difficulties of European settlement, but the plain truth of the matter is that most of the issues which now occupy public attention pale into insignificance beside the tremendous import of the menace of Japan. It is this menace which is the dynamic force in the shaping of British foreign relations. The recent arrival of an official Japanese economic mission in South America to survey the markets and the requirements of the South American States indicates clearly enough that we have not yet exhausted the problems which the Japanese advance presents to us. It is conceivable, though heaven knows not easily conceivable, that the problem of armaments and security in Europe may yield to some sort of negotiation, but it is difficult to see what diplomatic or international machinery can cope effectively with Japanese ambitions. The nations had their opportunity for collective action in the Far East when the Japanese seized Manchuria. The British Government was foremost in rejecting the opportunity, and the British people are now paying the penalty. For the chances of collective action on the part of the Western Powers to meet the menace of Japan are now, it must be confessed, practically non-existent.

A LONDON DIARY

Of the changes now announced in Broadcasting House, the only one likely to please the informed critic is the appointment of Sir Stephen Tallents as Public Relations Officer. The general shuffle of personnel merely completes a process which has been proceeding for several years, by which many of the experienced and able people who had built up the B.B.C.'s reputation for enterprise and independence have been tactfully removed from positions of internal responsibility. The controlling positions are now in "safe" hands. As a result I fear that it may be extremely difficult for Mr. Rose-Troup who is an experienced and popular official, to maintain at the head of the Talks Department the same standards of enterprise and tolerance which he has been used to under the direction of Mr. Siepmann. Timidity has always been the curse at the top of the B.B.C.: I fear that it may now become paralysing. It is amusing to notice that the changes were announced shortly after a series of violent attacks in the *Daily Mail* on the "Socialism" of the B.B.C. This coincidence means, of course, not that the B.B.C. or anyone else took any notice of the *Daily Mail*, but that the impending changes were not kept as secret as they were supposed to be from the sleuths of Carmelite House. It should be added that the charges of Socialism and highbrowism are ludicrous. In the admirable B.B.C. Annual for 1935, a chart which shows the comparative allocation of time to various programme classes in fifteen European countries reveals the surprising fact that the British wireless devotes less time to Talks than any other European country, with the doubtful exception of Italy, and stands almost at the head of the list as a provider of light musical programmes. As for the Socialism, all that is meant is that the B.B.C. staff has really made an effort to show that questions have more than one side, and to give some time to less conventional opinions. The critics who make this charge would, if they were honest, say quite simply that in their view anything that is not Conservative and conventional is subversive Socialism which should not be tolerated on the wireless.

* * *

Sir Stephen Tallents's appointment is thoroughly interesting. A most efficient Civil Servant, he has become an expert in the art of tactful propaganda. He is a cultured and progressive man who can be relied on to "sell" an idea with the minimum of vulgarity. If the Post Office is no longer criticised that is not only because long impending changes have actually matured under the energetic administration of Sir Kingsley Wood, but also because, for the first time, we have had a Government department properly advertised. One immediate result of spending money on advertisement in the daily press is that papers which usually criticise a nationalised industry merely because it is nationalised, no longer regard it as politic to attack an advertiser. But Sir Stephen Tallents's advertisements have always been elegant and we owe it to him that Empire Marketing is associated in our minds, not with Beaverbrookian boost, but with a real advance in the technique and design of the art of the poster. If anyone could have made the Empire attractive, Sir Stephen Tallents would have succeeded. His work as Public Relations Officer at the B.B.C. is a very different proposition. How far he will have the opportunity of employing his peculiar gifts now that matters of policy are already concentrated in such safe hands, we may have our doubts. But if the rumour that the Treasury is no longer to take so large a proportion of the B.B.C.'s funds proves to be true, as I think it will, Sir Stephen Tallents should have a very interesting job. How far advertising the B.B.C. is compatible with his second task of helping the listener to organise and to present his multitudinous views more efficiently at Broadcasting House is yet to be seen. Sir Stephen Tallents has, I gather, something of a philosophy of publicity—he believes in the possibility of making democracy function through the work of the sympathetic interpreter of chaotic group opinion. That is an idea that the Webbs developed a generation ago as the ideal for the Parliamentary representative. It obviously applies even more cogently to broadcasting.

* * *

Ironically enough it has been left to the grave and loyal Sir Austen Chamberlain to reveal the most startling of all facts about the Lloyd George Coalition. In the chapter of his memoirs, published by the *Daily Telegraph* on July 6th, Sir Austen discloses: that in January, 1919, Mr. Lloyd George offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but said he could not have No. 11 Downing Street because Bonar Law would continue to occupy it; that after high words over the house between himself and Bonar Law, the latter was so kind as to warn him not to take the Exchequer without a seat in the Cabinet; that Mr. Lloyd George admitted this to be the plan, for "his idea had been not to appoint any Cabinet!" How could there, he asked, be a Cabinet "when the Prime Minister, Bonar Law, and the Foreign Secretary (Balfour) were all in Paris? they must be plenipotentiaries; they could not be constantly referring to a Cabinet at home." Sir Austen pointed out that this fantastic scheme meant no responsible Government in London, and Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged that misgivings on this score had already been expressed in the highest quarters. Sir Austen goes on to say that the compromise of continuing the small War Cabinet was then agreed upon, so that the most important Ministers habitually attended the meetings without responsibility. England had no Cabinet until the autumn following. A final touch of irony is added by the fact that three years later Sir Austen Chamberlain, then actually leader of the Conservatives, stood by Mr. Lloyd George when the Coalition was more than dead, and so let the Premiership go to Stanley Baldwin.

* * *

Some months ago I started a controversy in this Diary on the relation of capitalism to war. It led to a remarkable correspondence in which Norman Angell, H. N. Brailsford, Harold Laski, Leonard Woolf, Frank Hardie and others took part. It was an unusually able, sincere and impersonal controversy. By arrangement with this journal, Mr. H. Brinton has now reprinted the whole correspondence as a 1*s.* pamphlet (there is also a 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth edition), with a foreword by Lord Cecil. It may be obtained direct either from the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION or from Mr. Brinton at 102, Shoe Lane, E.C.4. The title, *Does Capitalism Produce War?* is very ap-

at the moment. How far have economics anything to do with Mussolini's Abyssinian aggression? Obviously, a great deal. He and the interests he looks after believe that they will profit by controlling the mineral wealth and the cotton districts of Abyssinia, and more still that their whole trading and concession position in East Africa will be improved by a successful conquest. Now Norman Angell could provide Mussolini with the most cogent reasons for doubting whether war will in fact pay him nearly as well as peaceful penetration. Unfortunately, even if Mussolini were convinced, that would not settle the matter. The possession of overseas interests seems to the capitalist to necessitate the upkeep of a big army and air force and fleet, and his domination at home is dependent on a nationalist psychology. Which means that from time to time the army and air force and fleet will be used. This is more obviously true of Fascist dictatorships than of other nationalist States. When all the promises of economic improvement are manifest frauds, and criticism and even strikes can no longer be altogether prevented by the police—which is the case in Italy to-day—what is left except war? Mussolini's recent speeches are a confession of the shocking economic condition in Italy. War (or possibly victory without war) is the only way of restoring, even for a time, the prestige which he sees slipping away every day. There comes a point when war is a necessity to the Fascist State. It is also its most likely end.

* * *

My friend stood looking at my favourite flower bed. "Have you tried weed-killer?" he asked. There was no irony in his voice. He is a kindly man, but a townsman. I explained that I hoped some day to grow flowers in this bed. Indeed there were some there already, coyly taking cover behind the stitchwort and thistles. And then it occurred to me—why should not science produce a weed-killer which would polish off everything but the flowers? Or perhaps the principle of the conditioned reflex could be brought into play and an animal bred which would eat weeds but know better than to touch lilies, roses and delphiniums? If dogs learn only to bark at strangers, why should not rabbits or, better, some intelligent species of slug learn to live exclusively on dandelions, groundsel and bindweed?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Cricketer."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Chief Steward of Hereford is probably our best writer of devotional verse. His style is straight to the mark—as was his fast bowling when he played for his home team on the beautiful Hampton Court ground by the silver-flowing Wye.—*Morning Post.*

There are things in men's lives in peaceful England to-day which are far more horrible than a good, clean war.—The Rev. N. G. Railton, Senior Chaplain to the Forces at Tidworth.

I have a great personal admiration for Mussolini, who has welded a nation out of a collection of touts, blackmailers, ice-cream vendors, and gangsters.—Letter in the *Saturday Review.*

The girl who is acclaimed as "the American Venus" is even more classical in her bathing dress than in her proportions.—*News-Chronicle.*

NORTHERN COMMAND TATTOO

Care has been taken not to offend those of pacifist views.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Homolka is no politician; he is an artist and *ergo* a Socialist.—Mr. Spike Hughes in the *Daily Herald.*

Start your army career in Jubilee Year.—Posters *passim.*

Why is it that some parts of London are full of handsome men and pretty women and other parts apparently sans them? I have never seen a pretty woman on the District line. You have to go on the Piccadilly line to see beauty.—*Observer.*

Miss H. Mitchell, of Palmerston Street, South Shields, has established a record as a filmgoer. Every night for seventeen years, with the exception of Sundays, she has attended the Palace Picture Theatre, South Shields. "When you see a picture several times," she says, "you enjoy it all the more."—*Sunday Express.*

Surprise has been caused all along the south coast by a bathing innovation at Bognor Regis, Sussex—the issuing of a double ticket by which a husband and wife may share a bathing hut at the same time. At no other resort is such a practice permitted.—*Daily Mail.*

It is felt to be a matter of regret that the Labour Party in framing the Vote of Censure should have gone back to the expression "the distressed areas." When the matter was discussed last year the Government agreed to the title of the Act of Parliament being altered to the "Special Areas Act," expressly to avoid giving the world the idea that any part of the country was down-and-out, and therefore unable to take its share in any revival of trade should the opportunity present itself.—*Times.*

HOW MUCH TRUTH SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?

"THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help me God." That may be all very well in courts of law and other places where abstract logic replaces humanity. How far is it applicable to the sick room and the doctor's surgery?

Pilate's question was neither silly nor a jest. It was, however, a very difficult question to answer. Little less difficult is the problem of when, how, and to whom, we are justified in telling what we believe to be the truth. Most of us, I hope, would hesitate to answer truthfully an inquiry by an armed and angry man as to the direction in which his intended victim had gone. Many of us would deliberately misguide a huntsman as to the whereabouts of a terrified deer or fox whose scent the hounds had lost.

Something catches fire behind the scenes at the theatre. There is a consequent delay in raising the curtain. Is the manager to rush to the front of the stage and at the top of his voice shout "Fire!"? Or is he to announce to the audience that owing to an accident the play cannot proceed?—"Will all of you kindly leave the theatre as quietly as possible? Your admission money will be returned to you at the Box Office." Is he to tell the whole truth, or is he to tell a half truth?

The doctor is constantly placed in a position very much like that of the theatre manager. Some doctors take the line that it is never wise to tell a patient what he, the doctor, believes to be true; nearly all doctors are of opinion that, to very many of their patients, it is not only unwise, but professionally wicked, to do so. Such being the medical code or convention, it is not unnatural that we are always hearing indignant protests from people who have spent from three to five guineas in Harley Street, or five shillings in a suburban doctor's surgery, in order, as they allege, to "find out what is really the matter" with them, only to realise afterwards that they know very little more about their pathologic state than they did before they visited the oracle.

I know that, etymologically, a doctor is a teacher; and that a teacher's first duty is to transmit to his pupil as much as the latter can absorb of what the former believes to be the truth relative to the matter under consideration. But, in fact, we know that a doctor is not just a teacher; and it is not as such that the public values or estimates his services. It is expected of him that he will—as his professional tradition tells him it is his duty to do—apply such special knowledge and skill as he possesses to the relief of pain, to the shortening of sickness, and to the restoration of health.

A man comes into my consulting-room complaining of increasing difficulty in swallowing his food. He "reckons he's caught a germ or something." I examine, and observe certain

things which make me nearly sure that he has a cancerous growth. To the best of my ability I size up my patient's psychology and come to the conclusion that the whole truth as I then see it will not help him. Being of a literary turn, I readily find phrases that will explain why I am arranging for an X-ray photograph to be taken and a specialist's opinion obtained. These further investigations unfortunately confirm my initial tentative diagnosis. The surgeon tells me what I had already assumed—namely, that "operative treatment would be useless. The outlook is hopeless. Palliative treatment alone is possible." The idea of cancer has not entered this man's mind; or, if it has, he has never allowed it to get to the front of his mind. Am I to tell him the whole truth, and throw him into the condemned cell for three or four miserable months; or shall I, as did the theatre manager, say something like this: "I've had a letter from the surgeon you saw, and he says that he doesn't think it is necessary to operate. He says it will be a long case, and will want a lot of patience, but we'll do all we can to minimise the discomfort?"

Take another case. An obviously nervous woman comes to me complaining of distressing palpitation and occasional shortness of breath; she is terrified lest "her heart is affected." I apply my stethoscope to her chest, feel her pulse, and so on; and, whilst I find no valvular lesion, it is obvious that the neuro-muscular functioning of the heart is not quite all it should be. In fact, she has, though not in a severe form, a condition which would correctly be described as a disease of the heart. Recovery is almost certain, given suitable conditions. The one thing that is likely to hinder, or even prevent, recovery is pessimistic mental concentration on the lesion. Am I to tell this woman the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: or shall I tell her that her heart is sound enough, though its muscle is a bit out of condition, just as her arm or leg muscles might be? "If you will do what I tell you to do, you will soon be as right as ever you were."

Benevolent discretion is, of course, not always the explanation of the doctor's prevarication or reticence. No doctor but must be aware of his comparative ignorance—or, to put it more politely, of the elementary stage to which physiological knowledge has yet climbed. He may be able to attach to his patient's disorder one of the titles traditionally assigned to this or that repetitive sequence of symptoms. But, to the ordinary layman, this is about as instructive as would be the word "elephant" or "zebra" to someone who had never seen or heard of these creatures. Though he has had to spend several years of strenuous study in absorbing physiological and pathological facts, many of these terms convey little real meaning even to the average doctor. How much less must they convey to the ordinary layman—"cultivated" or "uncultivated"? A very considerable knowledge of human physiology is necessary not only to make but equally to understand a real diagnosis. Nowadays, nearly all of us are in favour of spreading among the public such knowledge of the working of our bodily and mental machinery as has been so far garnered; but the most skilful teacher cannot possibly convey any appreciable part of this knowledge in the ten minutes or half an hour which is about the limit of time a doctor can afford to give to a single patient. A plausible tale can be told by a clever quack; but such a story rarely bears much relation to what the honest doctor understands by truth.

Nevertheless, I think that patients who, having sought expert advice, come away from their consultation indignantly aware that they have not been enlightened as to the nature and cause of their disability, very often have a genuine grievance. Maybe—as is generally the case—they are not capable of taking in the whole of even such truth as the doctor possesses. But, when dealing with intelligent patients, with anything like a reasonable philosophy of life, and a reasonable awareness of human limitations, it does seem to me that it is generally the doctor's duty, both as a human being and as a technician, to convey, when requested to do so, as nearly as possible an essential replica of the clinical picture which has been formed in his own mind. For many years I have been practising almost entirely among working people, educated, if at all, in the elementary schools. I have made it a custom—with but occasional exceptions—to explain to my patients, so far (and only so far) as I believe them to be capable of understanding, exactly what I think to be wrong with them, what I believe to have brought the condition about, what are the steps whereby I believe improvement may be effected, and why and in what manner I believe the remedial measures will operate. The response is, sometimes, very silly; for ignorant people, like educated people, adore "blessed words." But the conclusion I have come to is that, nine times out of ten, candour pays, both therapeutically and in the promotion of mutual confidence. Of course, it takes a good deal of skill to express technical knowledge in non-technical language not primarily intended for such expression; and not many doctors are skilled in popular exposition. The conveyance of truth by means of words is, in any case, a very difficult, often an impossible, task; and even the most candid of us are bound to recognise that truth—as we commonly understand it—can, if used without benevolent purpose, be as lethal as poison-gas or as a bomb dropped from a plane. Lastly, as many of us know to our cost, it is only between people with approximately equal and similar mental and emotional equipment that anything more than qualified and relative truth can pass. HARRY ROBERTS

BRIGHTER BROADCASTING

B.B.C. Talks will in future be handled by Mr. Gladstone Murray, whose diplomacy and wide knowledge of affairs will be of the greatest value to the B.B.C. in avoiding bias, while at the same time assuring listeners of a steady flow of bright and authoritative speakers.—*News Chronicle*, July 9th.

SPEAKERS haste, and bring with glee
Brightness to the B.B.C.!
Bright religious services
Listeners already bless,
Bright Tattoos and "musicals,"
Bright survivals from the Halls,
All the B.B.C. provides,
Not taking stands nor taking sides.
Bring us talks for more delight,
Authoritative and yet bright!

Brightly, talkers, talk about
Pyorrhoea, sex and drought,
Brightly every subject broach,
Be it Renaissance or roach,
Palaeography or glands,
Sunshine Peeps at other Lands,
White slave traffic, or the moose,
Bottled sunshine from the news,
Vitamins, folk-dancing, drains,
Archaeological remains,
Big-game-hunting, moth-balls, Freud,
The Patagonian unemployed . . .
Once behind the microphone
All the world's a sunshine zone! SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

IN DEFENCE OF CULTURE

SIR,—Thoughtful members of society who regard themselves as supporters of English culture whether they contribute to it or not, must have been a good deal disturbed by what Mr. E. M. Forster had to say in your last week's issue on the subject of the Congress of Writers held in Paris to protest against Facism.

His account, written with characteristic restraint and scrupulous fairness of emphasis, and his concluding advice, so gently argued, yet for that reason so moving, stirs many of us to feel ashamed of the passive part we have hitherto allowed ourselves to play. All our lives we have been babbling of culture, but now we are called upon to defend it, and to act quickly before it is too late. To act quickly—but also (what is far more difficult

to those with our tradition) to act politically. We have to make up our minds, on the evidence provided by the facts, as to what form of political organisation will most favour the good life in which we believe, which is the life of the mind. On which side are we to put our weight, the Right or the Left? The majority of French intellectuals seem already to have made up their minds on that question (the menace of Fascism seems far more real to them than to us) and their lead is quickly being followed by writers, artists and musicians from other parts of the world. Those of us who, like Mr. Forster, deprecate the preponderantly Communist influence in such a Congress must reflect that should this influence be allowed to become cramping or over-dogmatic, we will ourselves be to blame. It is not necessary that, as intellectuals, we should support any organisation for direct political action. Something far more natural and congenial is open to us. As writers, artists and musicians, we have now the opportunity to join our own International, and through it to create a powerful organisation in which the Left Wing principles in which we believe are furthered in a humane and liberal spirit. Such action on our part might be a means of fulfilling a great historical role. We are wanted—we are badly wanted. KATY Y. RINTOUL

42 Canynge Square,
Bristol 8.

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—Whatever his view of the issue raised, every reader must have enjoyed Professor Tawney's caustic criticism of the acceptance by members of the Labour Party of titles from the present Government. It raised in my mind two questions which ought to be distinguished from each other: one of special interest to Socialists, and, as they will hope, of temporary importance; the other of more universal and permanent interest. The first is: granted that we are Socialists and out against a society founded on, or at any rate, deeply scarred with, class distinctions, ought we to compromise ourselves by the acceptance of honours from a Government more or less pledged to such a system? Professor Tawney answers emphatically no, and would presumably agree with Mr. G. H. Thomson's proposal to have a resolution submitted to the next Party Conference to that effect. I would suggest two reasons why we should hesitate to accept either this answer or this proposal. The first is that the answer seems to me to be founded on too narrow a view of the nature and function of the modern State. However basic its economic structure may be the relations this imposes are the only phase of the social life it organises. Governments have other objects than the support of any particular economic order, in the advance of science and art, the organisation of education, of traffic, and endless other human things that have little or nothing to do with economics. Is it not possible that members of the Labour Party may have distinguished themselves in one or other of these services and that they may, without compromise, yield to the wish of the Government of the day to give expression to the desire of the community for recognition of their work? My second reason is the doubt whether, when there is so much of real importance to be fought for, it is well to raise in Conference an issue of this kind and risk another of those lamentable differences of opinion in the Party which have already wrought such havoc in it? I can remember, during the struggle for Women's Suffrage, how a well-meaning group raised the question of the reform of women's dress at the same time, and how one of the leaders of the movement sympathetically but firmly discouraged it precisely on the above ground.

The second of the two questions I have referred to is the much larger and deeper one of the place in a rationally organised society of rewards of any kind (titles or other) for social services. In such a community and among men and women to whom to be of service is the highest happiness that life can give, what purpose, it might be asked, can be served by adding the tawdry rewards of decorations and titles? We set aside money rewards, and rightly, because money suggests commensurability, and what proportion could there be between any such rewards and the service of a great discoverer or inventor, a great poet or artist, even a great organiser? Should we for a like reason set aside other forms of distinction? One hesitates to say yes. In an ideal society in which all are doing their best, and talents and opportunities are accepted as largely a matter of chance or of grace, why single out one above another for special distinction? Yet in any human society that we can conceive of to-day are we likely to eliminate the natural desire of society for the power of acknowledging merit and of the meritorious for the recognition of their work? It is for this reason that on the whole question I should be inclined to plead for a more sympathetic attitude than great social Puritans like Professor Tawney would apparently favour. J. H. MUIRHEAD

Dyke End, Rotherfield.

AIR DISPLAY CENSORSHIP

SIR,—May we call attention, in your columns, to the action of the police in the recent Air Display at Duxford and Mildenhall? The Cambridge Anti-War Council in co-operation with the Fellowship of Reconciliation (Cambridge Branch), Women's International League (Cambridge Branch) and the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group, published a broadsheet entitled "Air Display Special." In this paper were expressed the points of view of the above societies and of various individuals on the increases in our armaments and on the war danger. The articles and letters were largely topical and it was intended that nearly all the copies should be sold just before and during the Air Display.

At Duxford the police attempted to confiscate all copies of these papers. Their behaviour was contradictory, for while some policemen confiscated papers "because they had orders to," another confiscated them admitting his disregard of the seller's legal rights, another returned them at once because he admitted he had no right to take them, while others again made no attempt at all to interfere. Most of the confiscations were made on the grounds of "preventing a breach of the peace." No poorer excuse could be imagined, for not only was there not the slightest hostility on the part of spectators to the broadsheet, but many were sympathetic.

At Mildenhall several sellers were taken to the police station and kept there for a certain time, even though no charge was made against them. During their detention their papers were confiscated on the same grounds as at Duxford and with equally bad foundation. At both places the confiscated papers were returned after the display (when, of course, they were unsaleable).

Two of our number who interviewed the Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire were told that he had given instructions to the police to confiscate any literature of a Communist flavour. The "Communist flavour" of the "Air Display Special" was, according to the police, provided by the two letters on the last page signed by writers who were said to be Communists, and this in spite of the fact that on the same page letters from Dr. A. Maude Royden and Mr. Vyvyan Adams, M.P. proved that all points of view were equally represented. In addition, a small leaflet produced by eight societies having no left wing connections was confiscated at Mildenhall.

It seems to us that this affair is an example of the opposition of the police authorities to a genuine activity for the preservation of peace. We are impressed by the wide dictatorial powers already possessed by the police and wish to urge all those who value civil liberty to join us in a fight to preserve it.

C. B. O. MOHR
(on behalf of the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group),
147, Milton Road, Cambridge

[This letter is referred to in our editorial Comments.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

PSYCHOLOGY IN RETREAT

SIR,—Psychology in Retreat would provide an excellent topic for the silly season, but the issue is just a little too serious for that. Mr. Joad has lightly tossed his squib into highly inflammable material, and we must hold our breath and pray that the squib be damp. Or—if a conflagration there must be—let us hope that the wind will blow in a suitable direction.

There is, I think, a danger that this controversy may turn upon certain facts, which, though interesting and possibly extraordinary, are not really fundamental. It would be a matter of interest but not of catastrophic importance if Freud had really changed his view in the manner and to the degree that Mr. Joad has been led by Prof. McDougall's lectures to believe. It would be, and perhaps is, an even more extraordinary thing if a psychologist of Prof. McDougall's eminence should confess by implication that even his own life's contributions should be open to the strictures and doubts of certain philosophers at Oxford with regard to the subject as a whole.

Such facts would provide amusing gossip, but they are really neither here nor there. If psychology be sick, the symptoms of its malady are to be seen no less in its phases of elation than in its moments of depression What for Mr. Joad can be a matter of

amiable raillery, and for Prof. McDougall only a source of gloom, and what the bare mention of which must catch every working psychologist on the raw is not anything to do specifically with Freud, but the more general fact that in its more comprehensive theoretical construction the science of psychology appears to be in unutterable confusion.

I think Mr. Joad fails to do justice to the wealth of empirical material which scientific psychology has amassed. This is not where the trouble lies. I should even say that your correspondents in their rejoinders understate their case. For every important "school" of psychological thought has made its factual contribution. The scandal is that there are so many schools and that each has failed to substantiate any very comprehensive thesis to the satisfaction of a competent scientific jury.

It is not relevant to remark that a similar confusion is to be observed in the ranks of the philosophers; for the whole point is that the psychologists claim that their subject is not philosophy but science.

What, then, can the matter be? There are many things to be said, and I should be suspicious of any simple diagnosis. The science, of course, is young. It is also—let its critics well observe—exceedingly difficult. If this be doubted they may reasonably be invited to tackle its problems for themselves and to convince each other of the truth of their solutions.

If the psychologists themselves are in any measure to blame their error perhaps is this. Have they not tried too hard and too persistently both to have their cake and to eat it? Have they accepted to the full the implications of their claim that their subject is a science? One suspects that they may have tried too hard and too persistently to combine the duties of science with the pleasures of speculative philosophy. Not content with special and restricted hypotheses for restricted fields of fact, they have tried to extract from each restricted field a whole philosophy of mind. And not the least of the offenders are those who profess an anti-metaphysical bias.

If Mr. Joad succeeds in bringing some of this submerged material into the open he will have done a job that needed doing. After that, give the psychologists half a century in their laboratories out of the public eye. Psychology can afford to go into retreat—*pour mieux sauter*.

C. A. MACE

50, Avenue Road, N.W.8.

SIR,—I have often suspected that my friend Mr. Joad has a secret fear of psychology, and his readiness to pronounce the funeral oration over its supposed decease confirms me in this. Not having heard or read Professor McDougall's lectures, I am unable to say whether Mr. Joad's memory has played him false or not in giving him the impression that the Professor was there "to bury Freud, and not to praise him," but I would draw Mr. Joad's attention to the admissions he makes at the end of his own letter. If, as he says, "there is general recognition of the fact that part of our mental life is inaccessible to consciousness by ordinary methods . . . that this inaccessible part is fundamentally instinctive in character and . . . that it may be described as a drive which seeks those ends which will bring it instinctive satisfaction," is not this general recognition due in the first place to the pioneer discoveries of Freud? These facts which Mr. Joad describes as now being part of general knowledge are exactly the facts that form the basis of Freudian psychology. That Freud has altered and improved his terminology in some respects does not alter the foundations of his doctrine, though I have yet to learn that he has abandoned the conceptions of the Oedipus complex and the Censor. Whatever descriptive term one employs for these processes, no one can deal with neurotics without realising the part played in shaping character by the subjective view which a person has of his own sex instinct, and realising further that this view is shaped by the experience of love and jealousy in infancy. The history of the individual, whether neurotic or no, is the history of his love life. It is in the nature of things that these emotional drives are not demonstrable on the dissecting table, but psychologists, like other scientists, are entitled to draw conclusions from observed phenomena. The physicist cannot produce an atom for inspection, but that does not prevent him theorising about electrons and protons, although I believe that the former is now "dead" and the positron has taken its place.

As regards the war neuroses, from my experience of three years in medical charge of a "shell shock" hospital, I learned that they did not differ in the main from civilian neuroses. A certain number of patients were well-balanced individuals who had been tried beyond the normal, and they could be quickly cured by methods of abreaction or persuasion with or without hypnotism. The majority of those who still needed treatment after the war proved to have a neurosis built around complexes which could only be described in Freudian terms.

For further proof that psychology is not "in retreat" I recommend Mr. Joad to look at the current number of the *British Medical Journal*, in which he will find no less than five separate articles which, in one way or another, emphasise the importance of psychology to the science of medicine.

54 Newhall Street, Birmingham. R. MACDONALD LADELL

SIR,—In his article *Psychology in Retreat* Mr. C. E. M. Joad assumes that the opposition to psychology which he learnt in his undergraduate days in Oxford is still a common attitude in this University. He writes for example: "Oxford has always regarded psychology with a mixture of condescension and disparagement." This assumption is mistaken. Since the war philosophers and psychologists have agreed in asking, through their respective faculties, for the establishment of a department of experimental psychology. During the past year the Vice-Chancellor has asserted that the provision of such a department is one of the most urgent needs of the University. Since Oxford can only hope to meet this need by attracting benefactions from those who wish to promote psychology, it is extremely unfortunate that Mr. Joad should give the mistaken impression that the University is still without interest in the study.

I have no space in which to argue the general questions whether a science of mind is possible, but I should like to make some reply to Mr. Joad's epigrammatic statement that psychology only tells us what we know already or what we do not want to know.

It would be surprising if plain men had never had any inkling of any of the facts which have been carefully formulated by psychologists during the past thirty years, e.g., about human abilities. And it is surely absurd to suppose that the work of the psychologists is vain because their conclusions are not shocking to common sense. Mr. Joad might as well argue that all research in genetics is useless because plain men have known something about heredity for centuries. On the other hand, it is simply untrue that plain men have always known all the facts which psychologists claim to have discovered, e.g., about the various forms of aphasia or about the determination of up and down in visually perceived space.

When Mr. Joad asserts that the facts which the psychologists have discovered are facts which we do not want to know, he presumably means that they throw no light on questions which he considers important. It is sufficient answer to say that some people are interested in those facts. Psychology will be in a healthier position when it is no longer a fashion and its professors are not tempted to prophesy at large about all conceivable interests of humanity.

WILLIAM KNEALE

Exeter College, Oxford.

GERMANY

SIR,—"D" writes in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that in natural history plants and animals sometimes take on "the colour and ways of their milieu," which I presume is his polite way of saying that I have during a recent visit to Germany sought to do likewise.

He quotes two extracts (1) from the *Manchester Guardian* in which I was stated to have said that my proposed speech in Germany had been severely blue-pencilled including the sentence "I believe passionately in world unity."

(2) from a letter in the *Times* on my return from Germany in which I wrote "No restrictions of any kind were placed upon me. I said just what I wanted to."

"D" asks for an explanation. Here it is:

The remarks quoted in the *Manchester Guardian* were made at a gathering of delegates of branches of the English-speaking Union from the United States, Australia and Great Britain. Speaking without notes I said something as follows: "It is nice to be at a family gathering of English-speaking friends when one can say what one likes. To give an illustration of the difficulties of international work at the present juncture, in five days' time I shall be addressing an audience in Germany on the cause of world unity, and the friend to whom I submitted my remarks advised me to cut out reference to the fact that I 'believe passionately' in it!"

At Cologne five days later I had to address the delegates of the eight German branches of the All Peoples Association (A.P.A.). I started by saying that my views on international relations were

well known by those present and that I proposed therefore to confine my remarks to Anglo-German relations.

When lecturing in a foreign country I naturally seek as far as possible not to say anything which will make more difficult my task of establishing contracts among nations.

I have rarely addressed a more cordial audience. In concluding my remarks I stated that in my view the only stable basis on which international relations could be built was by seeking to carry out the precept of the Founder of Christianity, "Thou shall love thy neighbour as thyself." This statement was greeted with a hurricane of applause.

My remarks were fully reported in the German press.

All Peoples Association, EVELYN WRENCH
9 Arlington Street, London, W.1.

THE O.T.C.

SIR,—Although a schoolmaster at a Public School I am a regular reader of your intrepid journal. I notice that your correspondents on the subject of Public Schools continually attack the O.T.C. I shall now, with your permission, say the last word about the O.T.C., so that nobody need bother about it in future. (Don't mention it.) There are two schools of thought about the O.T.C.:—

(1) Some people say it is one of the causes of the next war: if that is so, it confirms my opinion that most wars are fought for quite inadequate reasons.

(2) Other people claim that the O.T.C. is a good thing on the ground that the Japanese might land in Britain and insult your grandmother. And then where would you be? The answer is that you would probably be on a "Field Day" and therefore very wet and not in the mood to make a spectacular thrust at the Japanese. What would happen to your grandmother is a moot point; personally I think it depends on your grandmother, the British Navy, etc.

There is, to be quite fair, a third school of thought about the O.T.C. There are those who think that it ought to be brought up to date. This, I gather, entails (*a*) abolishing drill and teaching the boys how to put on gas masks; but as anyone can learn this in less than five minutes it would shorten the "Corps hours" considerably and probably result in more time being devoted to caning and all the other harmful Public School activities; or (*b*) teaching the O.T.C. to fly in aeroplanes and drop bombs, thus outwitting the enemy who would think it was only an O.T.C. The chief objections to this are (1) how to find suitable accommodation for the aeroplanes, (2) the parents, who would be continually ringing up the house-masters to know if their boys were all right, and (3) the question whether the boys could be trusted to drop the bombs in suitable places.

On the whole, therefore, it is quite clear that the problem of the O.T.C. is insoluble. There is, however, this to be said, that if the O.T.C. were abolished the problem would solve itself by disappearing. On the other hand you cannot abolish the O.T.C., because, if you did, the candidates for Sandhurst and such places would be refused the marks which the War Office awards for passing "Certificate A." And then the question arises—what marks would they get?

No, sir, you must advise your correspondents in future to address themselves to the War Office and to endeavour to persuade that body to abolish the Army. W. C. S.

"DEATH FROM THE AIR"

SIR,—In the article under the above heading it is suggested that it is better to work for a Socialist revolution and an International Air Police Force than merely to wait "to be mutilated, burnt to death, suffocated, disembowelled or blown to bits."

It would appear prudent to place the latter catastrophes beyond reach before any other consideration, and it is doubtful whether it will accelerate the process to tie the two issues together. The question of the connection between capitalism and war was ably discussed in your columns between Sir Norman Angell and others some time ago. The question of capitalism and air warfare is not quite the same issue.

Air warfare, by making its main objective the destruction of the civil population, has altered the whole position to a degree not only unrealised by the civil victims, but as yet unrealised by the professional sailor and soldier; otherwise our great imperialists would be joining with the League of Nations Union to press for the abolition of national air forces.

The capitalists, whether or no the villains of the piece in the past, have not before been the main targets of destruction—this may have its effect. As a type it is unarguable that they have never shown any particular desire for physical destruction. Further, the aeroplane has not only robbed war of its glamour as you suggest, but has also robbed it of its greatest hold over the masses, the belief, whether justified or not, that they were defending their homes. Place two opposing armies in the field and the soldiers of both sides can be made to feel that they are preventing the enemy from reaching and desolating their families and houses. This feeling kept the soldiers of all countries in the trenches for four years. If their homes and families are to be blown up behind their backs, irrespective of their efforts, sacrifices, and gallantries, no power on earth will retain control over those forces. Air power has, in effect, made major conflicts impossible.

Unfortunately it has not made it impossible for such conflicts to break out and the truth may only be proved by destruction and chaos so widespread as to make arguments about capitalism and socialism academic.

If we wait for the Socialist revolution—presuming such a step to be both inevitable and desirable—before removing air power from nationalist hands, we may make air warfare inevitable. The world being divided into national sovereignties, such revolutions would be national. A Europe that was turning Socialist by stages of national revolutions must inevitably reach a position where war between the new Socialist and remaining capitalist States would become inevitable. If air power was still in national hands such a war might leave neither side in existence.

The removal of air power from nationalist hands and the creation of an International Air Police Force is making steady progress amongst all sections of the community; it will be safer for humanity generally to place the aeroplane out of reach of all forms of warfare whether national or class, and fight—if fight they must—upon the ground.

I would suggest the following appeals for common action towards the abolition of national air forces, the internationalisation of civil aviation and the creation of an International Air Police Force: To the Imperialists: Abolish air warfare and make the world safe for national wars. To the Reformist: Abolish air warfare and make the world safe for civilians. To the Communist: Abolish air warfare and make the world safe for class war.

S. Mary's Grange, Easthorpe. PHILIP S. MUMFORD

[The article did not suggest that any one should "wait for the Socialist revolution." It expressed the belief that the two issues of Internationalism and Socialism are clearly related and that we must work for them both at the same time. ED. N. S. & N.]

"DON QUIXOTE" AND DICKENS

SIR,—In your paper to-day Mr. G. W. Stonier writes: "Dickens probably never read Cervantes."

On the contrary, Dickens not only probably but certainly did! In *David Copperfield* Chapter 4, David says: "My father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs, to which I had access (for it adjoined my own) and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphry Clinker, Tom Jones, the Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, came out, a glorious host to keep me company." T. A. LYON

Miscellany

ITALIAN ART IN PARIS

A SIMPLE way of estimating the exhibition of Italian art at the Petit Palais is to compare it to the similar exhibition held in London five years earlier; and perhaps the first thing which arises from this comparison is that the organisers of the Paris exhibition have been able to draw on the Louvre. The *Entombment* of Titian, the *Antiope* of Correggio, the *Concert Champêtre* and the *Virgin of the Rocks*, the great panels of Fra Angelico, Ucello, Giotto, Cimabue—these were the masterpieces chosen from Italy by Louis XIV and Napoleon, and they remain unsurpassable. Without them, and the other paintings from the Louvre, the exhibition would lose half its authority. To see the Louvre pictures under good conditions is a wonderful new experience. With the sun directly upon it one can penetrate at last the varnish of the *Concert Champêtre* and see the fresh greens of the trees and landscape: one can guess at the stupendous crash of colour in the *Entombment*. Unfortunately this exposure of the Louvre pictures to the light

has convinced the French that their beauty is due almost entirely to their condition. The national complacency has been strengthened at its strongest point and there is no longer the faintest hope that any picture in the Louvre will be cleaned. And of course it is true that under their thick enamel of varnish some of the Venetian pictures have preserved glazes which a careless restorer would have removed; compared to them the Titians from Italy looked rather dry and meagre. But in many cases—the *Virgin of the Rocks* is the most distressing—this French policy is impoverishing the world.

Apart from the Louvre pictures, the Paris exhibition certainly excels its predecessor in the representation of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This is perhaps its chief claim to the attention of scholars of Italian art since never before has there been such a good chance of studying the crucial point of emergence from the Byzantine tradition. Not that thirteenth century Italian art is merely of historical importance. At their best the great crosses and *maestà* rank with the contemporary stained glass of northern Europe, and the experienced aesthete will find plenty to excite him in this period. He may have seen the Giotto Crucifix from the Arena Chapel (though not in so good a light); he is not likely to be familiar with the Cross by Coppo di Marcovaldo which is certainly one of the most impressive and beautiful things in Italian painting. The tragic power of the head is expressed in such bold and simple lines that it can be appreciated in reproduction or in the remote gloom of Pistoia Cathedral; but the smaller scenes on either side of the figure were almost invisible, and their exquisite subtlety of colouring was entirely lost. In the next century the number of surprises is even greater, beginning, perhaps, with Giotto himself. Very few people have seen the relics of Mme. André's collection which remain at Chaalis, and it is only a few years since the two Giottesque saints in that collection were recognised as companions to the Horne *St. Stephen*. Now the three are hung together and the result is impressive. The figures rise up in their frames with monolithic grandeur; they even have a grain of the authentic Giotto radium. But did he really execute with his own hand those wooden contours and that flat, decorative ornament? I should like to think that he merely designed them and left the rest to Taddeo Gaddi.

Everyone who has seen the photograph of Ambrogio Lorenzetti's *Madonna* at Massa Maritima must have turned to the map and planned going to that inaccessible town. It is one of the many long, hot, boring but delightful journeys which a visit to the Paris exhibition will make me postpone. Another is a visit to the Sassetta at Asciano. Both pictures are probably better enjoyed in their original settings. The Lorenzetti is in an exceedingly rustic condition. Once no doubt it had the colour of a herbaceous border, but a strong sun and a wash of dirty pinkish varnish has reduced it almost to a monochrome. And the Sassetta seems to have lost some of its aroma, the decorative fairy-tale quality which so easily evaporates in a picture gallery. Perhaps it also loses from being close to the Pietro Lorenzetti of the same subject which is conceived in a so much grander and more dramatic vein; though nothing can spoil Sassetta's divine beauty of colour and texture.

To anyone who has not been to Russia the three pictures from the Hermitage are the chief excitement of the exhibition. Two of them deserve to be so. The Giorgione *Judith* is even more beautiful than I had expected and much better preserved; in fact its state of preservation gives one a clue to what the Castelfranco *Madonna* must once have looked like, for it is of almost the same date. Roger Fry once said that before a picture by Giorgione he felt at the very centre of our European spiritual world, and to me this is especially true of the *Judith*. She unites Gothic daintiness and Greek nobility, Gothic fancy and Greek restraint; and the whole is expressed in a choice and simple diction, as it were in words of one syllable, so that beside it anything else looks slightly vulgar.

The *Madonna Benois* of Leonardo has had to suffer more abuse than any picture by a great painter, and it is clear that most of this abuse came from people who had not seen the original. From the photograph I had imagined a bigger picture, in which the baby was more monstrous and the Virgin less lively and delicate. In spite of its condition the picture retains something of the freshness and vivacity of a Leonardo drawing, and there can be no question of its authenticity or its date. The *Madonna Litta*, on the contrary, is a disappointment. No one expected it to be a Leonardo, but photographs had suggested an unusually beautiful example of his school; and I had always believed that it was Leonardo's original panel begun in Florence and taken to Milan in a half-finished condition, there to be completed by a Milanese pupil. This theory I still maintain, only I must add that the pupil was more thorough and less sensitive than I had imagined. The way he has misunderstood Leonardo's beautiful drawing for the Virgin's head (exhibited in the next room) is a warning to academies of art; and the blue of the distant hills is so glaring that I can hardly believe it is more than 100 years old. Everyone agrees that the great pictures of the fifteenth century are very badly hung. Nothing could be more deplorable than the position of those huge, dark, noble canvases, the Cossa from Bologna and the Tura from Ferrara Cathedral, both crammed into the same small room, unless it be the famous Pollaiuolo profile from the Brera which is placed between the Leonardo *St. Anne* and the Raphael *Donna Vellata*. Even such miracles of painting as the Bellini *Pietà* from the Brera have lost a great deal of their force, and the Botticellis look less well than they did in London, perhaps because Botticelli was really an English discovery (Pater and Burne-Jones) and meant nothing to nineteenth century French painters. But even in this period there are some unfamiliar masterpieces. One of them is the Antonello da Messina portrait from the Trivulzio Collection, which manages to combine the best qualities of negro sculpture and of Holbein—the general and the particular. Another is the very impressive Montagna *Madonna and Child with Saints* from the Caregiani Collection and, on a much smaller scale, the little Masolino from the Musée Ingres at Montauban.

Apart from the great Venetians the representation of the sixteenth century is more complete than was possible in London owing to the Italian authorities' rash decision to export complete altarpieces from little known churches. There is for example the Lotto from Iesi, representing the scenes from the life of St. Lucy, which must surprise those who are not accustomed to his apparently unlimited repertoire of styles. They will find it hard to believe that a picture, which is more nineteenth century than Goya, should have been begun in 1525. Even more surprising is the Pontormo *Deposition* from Santa Felicità. The French of course maintain that it has been over-cleaned, but I believe that it must look very much as it did when it was painted. The result is certainly astonishing. Most of the figures are represented in skin-tight garments of incredible brilliance, so that the effect is of a group of incandescent nudes—mauve, green, pink, yellow—in which only the Christ is a normal colour. The French are shocked. What is respectable in the Rue de la Boétie is outrageous in an old master. It is a pretty reversal of the scandal caused by Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*. Unfortunately the Italians have not cleaned the Rosso Altarpiece which hangs opposite and which is really far more "modern" than the Pontormo. The two together would have shown that Paris has not a monopoly of mannerism. Another violent, and to me not altogether agreeable, sensation is provided by the newly cleaned Caravaggios from Santa Maria del Popolo and St. Agostino. Deprived of their dirty varnish and the decent obscurity of a dark chapel their cinematographic qualities are more than ever apparent. For a moment one feels that the whole art of the counter reformation was the art of the cinema, with shafts of light, gleaming tears and close-ups all complete. But the cinema has not yet produced an artist as powerful and as inventive as Caravaggio. One may dislike him, but his images stick in the mind. Whereas the charming *diminuendo* of Italian art, best represented at the Petit Palais by the Guardis

from the Gulbenkian Collection, is no sooner enjoyed than it is forgotten. No doubt this is the right conclusion to such an over-abundant feast.

The exhibition remains open until the 21st of this month. It is horribly crowded. While one sense is ravished the others are insulted, and the only chance of a peaceful survey is between 12.30 and 2 p.m. KENNETH CLARK

AN IRISH HOLIDAY

A FRIEND once told me that he made the journey to Ireland each year not only to enjoy the scenery, but to teach the Irish people to look at it themselves. In the north, he said, they could not see it for the Pope, and in the south their view was obscured by England. There is some truth in this opinion. In Ireland they are so busy talking—and of late years acting—politics, that they " have no time to stand and stare." I once travelled from Dublin to Killarney with two Irish friends, and during the whole journey they beheld nothing but their own excited faces as they strove, each according to his prejudices, to decide the political and economic future of the beautiful country they didn't think worth looking at.

Perhaps the Irishman is right not to dwell too much on the scenery of his island. That he would be justified in boasting about it is unquestionable, if a man ever is justified in boasting because a volcano has heaved up a portion of his country into a hill, or squeezed it sideways till it doubled up. I know a Scotsman who shows off Ben Nevis as if he had made it himself out of oatmeal porridge. The Irishman is free from this scenic snobbery. He takes his scenery as the will of God, and, in the matter of, say, a Connemara bog or a Kerry mountain, as more of a visitation than a blessing.

" I'm inclined to think," said a Kerry man to me, " that this must be the last country God made. But then," he added, smiling with sudden roguish charm, " wasn't He very good to make it at all ! "

Many such chance encounters of speech illuminated by a vivid phrase or an unexpected twist of thought have convinced me that the Irishman's instinct is sound. Even to a tourist the scenery should come second. It is the people that make Ireland most worth going to see, and hear—that interesting, whimsical, puzzling people, in superficial things changeable as the winds that blow across their purple moors, but in the basic loyalties of religion and race solid and immovable as the mountains that tower above them.

There is no monotony in an Irish holiday, even if one elects to remain in a single district. On every such visit I have daily been amused, charmed, startled into thought, by some turn of reflection or fancy of the people themselves, or by my own observation in them of some trait of weakness or strength of character.

For example, they are not gourmets in Ireland ; but you will find there the best plain food in Europe. It may, however, come to you only as the result of your will-power. The Irishman likes good, well-cooked food just as well as you do ; but he is too easy-going, or rather, too sympathetic, to insist on getting it. If his soup is cold he will drink cold soup, " rather than bring a poor girl in the kitchen into bother." The tourist will get his soup hot, partly " for the honour of Ireland," and partly because he will raise a row if he doesn't. But if he doesn't get it hot, or if his roast meat comes in nicely browned though he ordered it underdone, then, for the greater glory of England, let him not glance across the table at his wife with an air that shouts in the waiter's ear like a megaphone : " These Irish ! "

For the waiter in Ireland is your partisan, your friend, your elder brother. He will not stand aloof in sardonic silence, like a continental waiter, and smilingly let you go to the devil your own way. Nor has he any notion of feudal servitude. He does not know his place so thoroughly as to think he will lose caste by interfering with the concerns of his betters. He will interest himself in your tour, will ferret out routes for you, will supply you with as much information as a guide-book, and a good deal more racy—but it is not as a servant that he will do these things. It is as a member of the great clan of humanity to which you and he belong, equal in the eye of the chieftain, though of different means and station.

The Irish are the one people among whom you may travel by yourself and never be lonely, if you are a man of goodwill, and have " a tongue in your head." They may differ from you in race, in political outlook, in education, or in wealth and social position ; but, as an individual, you are no more and no less than a brother man, to eat with and drink with, and laugh with if there is any occasion of laughter. If there is not, it will go hard with them but they will make one. In every holiday I have spent in Ireland there are the most joyous recollections of doing the whole three. It is easy to do them all not only pleasantly but well. Within twelve months I have done them ; have driven up to a smallish hotel from whose windows, if you had long enough sight, you could have seen New York, and in fifteen minutes sat down to a five-course lunch, with coffee much better than that of Paris ; have asked for " white wine " in another hotel and been furnished—and very pretty furniture it was—with a Chateau Filhot of '29 ; have gone to a funeral and laughed for three months at the recollected aftermath. And why not ? Doesn't a military band play lively tunes coming back from a graveside ? In Ireland they do not need a military band.

For the tourist the laws are administered with understanding—even the licensing laws. I once happened to be at an impromptu party on licensed premises in Ireland when our pulses told us that the night was only beginning, but the innkeeper's clock said it was over. We turned its face to the wall ; and presently an imperative knock sounded on the door of the inn. We were suddenly silent, and looked palely on each other ; but our host appeared unabashed. The room door opened and in stepped a police officer in uniform. Our united gasp drowned the noise of his feet.

" These are a few English visitors," said our host.

The officer saluted. " Sorry for intruding, gentlemen," he said. " I hope you're enjoying yourselves. But don't be twisting the Irish lion's tail more than another ten minutes—or, if you do, make less noise about it."

The Irishman has not only the faculty of placing himself imaginatively in your position ; he gets into your skin alongside you and looks out through your eyes. If you are an amateur of scenery instantly he thrills with you to the beauty of his country's hills and streams ; if you are a fisherman, in his mind he holds your rod, and plays the trout with as much anxiety and hope as yourself.

I paused a showery hour in a Connemara cottage last spring. I can still see the pyramidal golden-brown mountain that rose in front of the door, with the bare grey branches of an ash tree outlined against it. I remember the tall, dark, buxom, pleasant-eyed mistress, and her two little shy visitor maidens from the islands, and her kindly hospitable man. I spoke of fishing, and at once fishing was in the air. Everybody was excited about my hopes and prospects, compared notes, suggested river and lake, instructed me in flies. I was the centre of interest. No one else was going to fish in Connemara but me. The host told me cautionary tales about fish from first-hand, his wife from hearsay, and a visitor from both. One of the little island girls had caught a fish that if it had caught her could have eaten her in two bites. I was shown a photograph of her, catching it.

Do not tell me that all this was a pose, a piece of facile insincerity. It was a little knot of Irish folk exercising unconsciously that marvellous gift of intuitive sympathy that makes one's holiday among Irish people more memorable and better remembered than one's holiday among Irish scenery.

In honesty I must quote a case in which this fostering care broke down.

I arrived late at a western hotel, and was glad to get grilled salmon for my untimely meal. At breakfast next morning I asked for fish. The waitress was maternal.

"Remember you had grilled salmon for your supper," she said.

I thanked her, and ordered bacon and tomato.

"I could give you whiting, of course," she turned back to say, on an afterthought. "That would be nice and light."

I said I would take whiting, and leaned back in a glow of admiration. "Would any but an Irish waitress have taken such thought about a customer?" I asked myself.

And then that nice girl came back and without blenching an eyelid set before me—grilled salmon. I could tell what had happened in the kitchen as well as if I'd been there. I am Irish born and still of Irish accent. The waitress had noted my accent, and knew I would put up with anything she set before me. Some English tourist was getting my whiting.

M.A., LL.D.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Noah" at the New Theatre

This is the translation of the play by M. André Obey, which was performed last year by the Compagnie des Quinze. But while *Noé* was an after-dinner charade, *Noah* sets out to be a full-fledged popular success, and probably will be. It is picturesque and whimsical. Everyone feels that it's wonderful of Mr. Gielgud to take the part of a sexcentenarian, and he, too, knows that everybody feels it, though he tries to forget. It is an irritating play in which a great deal of green pasteurised sentimentality is mixed up with certain soul-searching problems—the relationship of autocratic father to rebellious son; of the white race to the yellow and black; of husband to wife and man to God. These themes are not properly worked out, and one is left with a feeling of doubt and despondency which the appearance of the world's first rainbow does little to dispel. The play is very well produced by M. Saint-Denis, who has imposed on his English cast the fascinating groupings and mass-behaviour of the original. There is a lovely moment when the ark lands and the quarrelsome sons (the earth being cleared of one set of yahoos so that they might populate it with another) set out to claim the East, the West and the South for themselves. Mr. Gielgud makes the best of his part as a whimsical old bore, Ham (Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston) loses much of our sympathy by ranting. The girls, with their pretty Kensington voices, give a very poor portrait of the mothers of three great races. Miss Ena Burrill has a wonderful physique, but she can have seen nothing more African than an elephant's foot umbrella stand. Miss Jessica Tandy portrayed the blond progenetrix of the Semitic races as if she were the Constant Nymph or the Island that likes to be visited. It is the production of this play which is interesting, not the acting or the content, but with the help of the animals and Mr. Gielgud it should last.

Uplift at the Piccadilly

Public Saviour No. 1 is a play about a modern American Christ, from his birth on Christmas Eve in the garage of an overcrowded Middle-Western hotel to his death at the end of the gangster's machine-gun and subsequent appearance, resurrected, to the gangster's moll. The author, Mr. John Frushard, has been at pains to avoid the negro spiritual or religious revivalist aspect of Christ the preacher, which America does well. His obvious alternative was to portray Christ the man, in sympathetic harmony with the man in the street. He has fallen disastrously between the two stools. His Christopher begins (*via* Master Brian Sheridan-Bickers) as a kind of blue-stockinged infant prodigy, lecturing dons, and develops (*via* Mr. John Stuart) into a kind of Maskelyne thought-reader, pencilling people's sins on sheets of discreetly folded scribbling paper. (One almost expects him to blindfold himself and announce that "the second gentleman from the right in the fourth row of the stalls has four pound notes in a snakeskin wallet in his left-hand breast-pocket. The numbers of the notes are as follows.") He degenerates into a sanctimonious tailor's dummy in an immaculate dinner jacket, pushed on to platforms by the three so-called Wise Men (why no apostles?) to annoy the gangsters. He has neither the fervour of the mystic nor the humanity of the reformer. The drama of the New Testament has been ruthlessly eliminated. Mr. Charles Farrell's scenes as Spike O'Reilly suggest that he and the author could produce an entertaining gangster melodrama, minus uplift. Otherwise the play is dull, the dialogue bad, and the acting ineffectual. Public Failure No. 1.

The Open-Air Theatre

The attraction of these performances in Regent's Park is, of course, their setting. As the evening wears on daylight changes to an illuminated dusk, the background of trees becomes a coral pattern, and although this transformation has nothing to do with the mood of *As You Like It*, which is pure sunlight and shadow, the artificiality captivates and soothes. We come away from a performance in which the acting has never been more than average, in which most of the poetry has been reduced to a conventional prettiness, with as much enjoyment as if we had seen an excellent production in a theatre. It is more soothing, perhaps, than satisfying, but at any rate the faults exasperate only mildly. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Rosalind, for example, at once too matronly and too frisky, with its suggestion of a winning principal boy—how would it have looked on the stage at the Old Vic? And Mr. Valentine Rooke's Touchstone, which seemed also at moments to be an impersonation of Mr. Ralph Lynn? However, both Dukes were dignified, the wrestling provided a real throw, Jaques (Mr. Baliol Holloway), Celia (Miss Lesley Wareing) and Orlando (Mr. Geoffrey Edwards) were all excellent. Not a moment was wasted between scenes, and the figures kept moving over a wide lawn. There is still the drawback of the loudspeakers, hidden in trees on each side of the audience, which carry the voices rather unevenly to the back. Not all parts of the stage are equally "sensitive," and, when Orlando walked across, his speech came and went like a voice in the wind.

"Barcarole" at the Curzon

When a talkie opens with the caption "Venice, 1911" we may know what to expect, but there's always the slight chance that we won't get it. At the Curzon such a hope would normally be justified, but in the film at present showing there it meets with a long disappointment. The date and setting of *Barcarole* are made the excuse for a sex-triangle so threadbare and dusty that one coughs at its unfolding. It had to be Venice at carnival-time, and it had to be 1911—not a moment later! But a period piece cannot be excused badness merely because it suits its setting. There is, indeed, that I can see, only one excuse for this film—the appeal of Edwige Feuillère. Given every disadvantage, her acting triumphed over absurdity, only, alas, to be almost obscured by the coy histrionics of Pierre Richard-Willm, her lover, just as the utter banality and false romanticism of the plot outweighed the comparative intelligence of some of the detail. Substitute Carminati, Menjou or Harpo Marx as the prowling young cad: the part might then come to life. Immaculate and irresistible in morning-coat and straw-hat, he sallies forth into a fierce Venetian midnight—and a succession of bad camera-angles—to seduce, in one night, the chaste wife of a Mexican who happens to be the best shot in Europe. This he does for a bet with a group of cronies so abysmally unpleasant that one could find their like nowhere but in the pages of a bad, or a brilliant, French novel. If he fails, the husband will fire first. If he wins, they both shoot—and odds are a shade more even. Love of course puts his spoke in this wheel of chance, but the pair cannot elope because if they do, she will never see her son again. So, winning the bet, the hero pretends to lose it. . . . Comes the dawn (why didn't they call the film that?) and honour is satisfied. A very fine performance of a small part was given by the innkeeper.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 12th—
- Athletics. A.A.A. Championships, White City.
- "Marriage Makes It Easy," Westminster Theatre.

SATURDAY, July 13th—
- Cricket. England *v.* South Africa (3rd Test), Leeds.
- "A Peasant Cantata" and "The Worship of Pan," Hyde Park 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 14th—
- John A. Hobson on "Confessions of an Economic Heretic," Conway Hall, 11.
- Dr. C. W. Saleeby on "Can Christian Morals be Saved from the Wreck of Christian Dogma?" Ethical Church, Queen's Road, Bayswater, 7.

MONDAY, July 15th —
- International Folk Dance Festival, London. Till July 20th.
- Fourth Annual Summer School in Psychology, Vienna University. Till August 10th.
- "Arms and the Man," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 16th—
- Naval Review, Spithead, Southsea.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Unrolling the Map, the Story of Exploration, by Leonard Outhwaite (Constable, 16*s*.) is an admirable and original book, and no one can read it without being interested and getting a new bird's-eye view of the development of our civilisation. The author's subject, a short history of exploration, contains within it a great deal more—a short history of shipbuilding and the history of the frontiers and of trade inevitably come in, and he has done well to get it into 350 pages of large print together with a bibliography and index. The book is illustrated with Mercator's projection diagram maps with patches of white for the known and patches of black for the unknown. *Unrolling the Map* is a popular book in the same class as those by Hendrik van Loon; it is far better in every way than any of the van Loon books, for the author has a clear mind and does not go in for whimsical flummery. Sometimes he writes well and brings out such excellent phrases as "Gothic woe crept over Europe," but at other times he writes in the historic present which soon becomes unendurable:

> Limbs of the men become weak, sore; their faces, discoloured; their gums swell. . . . The food is now all gone. They take the leather padding off the main yard. It is dry and hard.

Of course, this is meant to be vivid and dramatic, but the effect is that one has to skip the voyage of Magellan and his death. I personally cannot help laughing when I find anyone who thinks it worth while to describe Alexander the Great as "a slightly psychopathic individual," or Peter the Hermit as "an irresponsible orator," as though he were writing of Amiee Semple MacPherson and Huey Long. There is something really rather charming about attaching such labels to such very well-known figures of the dim and distant past, and they are certainly accurate enough. It is more serious when Mr. Outhwaite's style may lead one to mistake his meaning. Thus, speaking of the Indians of the plains, he writes:

> The horse spread their culture far and wide. It is curious that a form of life which we think of as so characteristic of the North American Indian. . . .

You might think that *a form of life* refers to the horse; if so you would be wrong. The author means to say *a way of living*. But it is a mistake to object too strongly to such details or you may miss a book that is first-rate in many respects.

* * *

There is, for example, a delightful note pointing out that the first man to circumnavigate the globe was not, of course, Magellan, who was killed on the voyage, nor any of the Spaniards in his crew, but a native called Malacca Henry. Magellan had bought this man as a slave in Malacca on a previous voyage and Henry, who was a native of the Moluccas, lived in Spain for seven years and was taken by Magellan on his last voyage. When he got back to near home and found natives talking his language, Henry betrayed the Spaniards and got safely ashore. So he was the first man round the world. The subject of that note is trivial enough, but it is typical of Mr. Outhwaite to tell the little story, and all his notes are vivid and add to our knowledge. There is, for example, a note on the origin of El Dorado, the gilded man, who, according to the legend, was sprinkled with gold-dust every morning and washed it off in the river at night so that it could never be used again. No wonder the legend captured the imaginations of the Spaniards and became "to South America what the legend of Prester John was to Asia and Africa," giving rise to the fabulous land of human heart's desire. Mr. Outhwaite tells us:

> In the mountains of Colombia, about the Lake Guatavita, there was an Indian tribe that had a curious custom. On one day a year, the people and the priests and the warriors assembled. The chief of the tribe was dusted with gold and while chants and prayers arose about the shores, he was rowed to the centre of the lake, and here he bathed ceremonially and the gold dust was swept away and emeralds were thrown into the lake as an offering.

More profitable than the search for this man who was only gilded one day in the year, was the discovery of the fishing banks. In *A Note on Codfish*, Mr. Outhwaite tells us that the fishing banks were more profitable to England than all the treasure that ever reached Spain from America. The comparison is interesting: In 1545 Spain got £630,000, after which the revenue declined rapidly. The value of codfish went up steadily; by 1640 it was £700,000 a year. I may add to Mr. Outhwaite's note that in 1924 the catch was worth about two million pounds. But the bits of boiled cod in the fish salad somehow fail to set us dreaming golden dreams of the land that Raleigh sought. And perhaps this is the place to complain that oddly enough, there is no mention of the colonisation of Virginia.

The earliest discoverers of America, the Norsemen, who are too often neglected, receive the attention they deserve. Mr. Outhwaite does not mention Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's *The Norse Discoverers of America* (Oxford Press) nor the original sources *Narratives of the Discovery of America*, edited by A. W. Lawrence and Jean Young (Cape, 10*s*. 6*d*.). His bibliography is in other ways very incomplete—thus he does not mention Professor Prestage's *The Portuguese Pioneers* (A. and C. Black, 15*s*.). But he does give an interesting account of the stone with runic inscriptions dated 1362, found in 1898 in Minnesota, which has been declared a fake, but which Mr. Holand has spent twenty-five years in trying to prove genuine. One would like to know something of the Swedish immigrant who found it. But the case for the discovery of New England by Leif Ericsson is unassailable.

* * *

The weakest part of *Unrolling the Map* seems to me to be the description of African exploration. Thus, while Bruce is mentioned, there is no account of his journey to Abyssinia, and very little is told one about that country at all. And while there is an admirable account of Arabian exploration—the journeys of Doughty, Gertrude Bell, Philby, Shakspear, and Thomas are described—nothing whatever is said of the recent exploration and mapping of the Egyptian desert. The explanation is, of course, that a book has not yet been written about it. But the discovery of silica glass, of unknown origin, in large quantities, deserves mention. Mr. Outhwaite treats the latest discoverers fully, but by far the most interesting parts of his book are the accounts of the earliest voyages. The circumnavigation of Africa by the Phoenicians under King Necho 600 B.C., and of Britain by Pytheas, 310 B.C., are feats that appeal to us because we know so little about them, but the charm of the early travellers does not rest on our ignorance alone. For before Vasco da Gama, explorers tended to be merchants or ambassadors who travelled hat in hand. It was only after the Portuguese got to India and the Spaniards to America that the explorer set out to massacre, to enslave and to loot. This is the fundamental difference between Soleyman, 850 A.D., Marco Polo, 1254–1324, and Ibn Battuta, 1304–1377, all of whom visited China, and Cortes and Pizarro, whose only thought was to destroy civilisations they could not understand. If only there had been a Marco Polo to visit the Inca and to describe Peru!

Battuta, a Berber, went to Mecca and Baghdad, and crossed the steppes of Central Asia to India, then to Ceylon, China, Sumatra, and after his return crossed the Sahara and sailed on the Niger. Yule estimated that he travelled 75,000 miles.

> Had Battuta been a European, we would picture his roving life as involving a somewhat cheerless and loveless existence. This is far from the case. He was indeed quite a family man . . . there is record of at least ten marriages and evidence also that he usually managed to have about him a slave girl or two for company. Everywhere he went he acquired influence and wealth.

But the greatest merit of *Unrolling the Map* is not in the details: it is that one is given a clear and connected picture; that one is shown, for example, why Marco Polo had no European successors, and how his book influenced Columbus.

DAVID GARNETT

THE GREAT WEN

How Greater London is Governed. By the RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON. *Lovat Dickson.* 6*s.*

Mr. Morrison is not only the official—and effective and masterful—Leader of the London County Council. He is also a devoted lover of London, and this book is at once a tribute to his mistress and an exposure of her idiosyncrasies. It will be of the greatest value to the student but the expert in local government also may read it with profit and pleasure. It is concise and clear in arrangement; it contains a good deal of detail that is not usual in such books, and it is enlivened by many Morrisonian touches. Mr. Morrison is not a man who runs away from battle. But here his main business is explanation and not controversy; he is guarded in his criticism, polite and generous to his opponents, and an admonisher of his political friends.

The town that Cobbett cursed a century ago under the name of the Great Wen has not been "dispersed," as he declared it must be. It has grown continuously year by year till it has become the monstrous congestion that we know to-day. Greater London sprawls out into half-a-dozen counties. The boundary of the Metropolitan Police district extends to some 15 miles from Charing Cross, that of the London Electricity district to nearly 25, and the London Traffic Area, and also the Greater London Regional Planning Area, farther still. In this vast connurbation there is a bewildering variety of authorities. At the heart is the ancient corporation ruling over the one square mile of the City. Around this lies the Administrative County, an area of 117 square miles, with a population of over four and a quarter millions, whose government is shared among the metropolitan borough councils and the London County Council. And beyond is Outer London, parcelled out irregularly into county and municipal boroughs, urban and rural districts and parishes, to the number of nearly 100 within the comparatively narrow limits of the police area. Even then the list of authorities is not exhausted; there are *ad hoc* bodies administering special services—such as water, electricity, transport, the river, regional planning—not to mention the Metropolitan Police which is in the hands of the central State. Well may Mr. Morrison exclaim, "I am not sure what London is"! Nevertheless he does give as clear an account as is humanly possible of the complicated machinery of its government. The L.C.C., as is natural, occupies a large amount of his space; he takes us behind the scenes in County Hall, pictures the working of committees, touches on the problems of local government finance, and discusses briefly the party system, which he defends, quite rightly I think, not as a regrettable necessity but as in the public interest, at any rate on the L.C.C. He shows a curious tenderness, affection even, for the oligarcho-democracy of the City.

But whilst the local government of London has qualities that merit praise, it is nothing like so efficient as it ought to be. It is not merely that it is illogical on paper. Its anomalies have produced, and will continue to produce, grave practical inconveniences, friction, blunders, waste of public money, lack of public and private amenities. In his concluding chapter Mr. Morrison sighs for the "Might Have Been"—a Greater London with a unified central government, with the powers of major and minor authorities properly co-ordinated, with its public services developed and administered on a rational plan. Neither the City on the one hand, nor Parliament on the other, ever entertained the idea of any such orderly expansion. The L.C.C., some years ago, had visions of a belated reform, and the Labour Party in 1922 published a striking scheme for a new Regional Authority for the control of London and the Home Counties. But all such proposals were met with implacable hostility by the Outer London councils, who saw them merely as a device for the aggrandisement, at everybody else's expense, of the L.C.C. The Royal Commission on the Government of Greater London in 1923, offered no solution of the problem. Its recommendations (the Majority Report's at least) were fiddle-faddle, and with the Government completely uninterested, the whole question went into cold storage. One of these days it will be taken out again, to be examined afresh—and in the light perhaps of the changed attitude on the part both of Socialists and of non-Socialists to the organisation of different services and to the relations of municipal, regional and national authorities. Meanwhile, with Mr. Morrison and his party in power on the L.C.C., we have got not merely a sound administration in "lesser London," but the promise of a bolder and more imaginative policy.

C. M. LLOYD

HISTORICAL IMAGINATION

Anglicanism. The Thought and Practice of the Church of England, illustrated from the Religious Literature of the Seventeenth Century. Compiled and edited by PAUL ELMER MORE and FRANK LESLIE CROSS. *S.P.C.K.* 21*s.*

Liturgy and Society. The Function of the Church in the Modern World. By A. G. HEBERT. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It may not be easy to define exactly what one means by "historical imagination," but the lack of this quality sometimes becomes as obvious as the lack of fresh air in a room, or of heat in the water of what one thought was going to be a hot bath. On June 19th, which was Pascal's birthday, the *Evening Standard* published a short article upon him. The article was headed, "An Insane Genius." It started with the words: "Blaise Pascal the great French scientist of the seventeenth century was both a genius and a complete idiot." A little later on, after telling us of Pascal's fall from a carriage on the Pont-Neuf, it says that: "it is probable that the shock turned his brain, and his former mania for scientific pursuits became a mania for religion." I think that the remainder of the article may be guessed from these short extracts, and I think that their stupidity makes it completely clear what one means by the lack of historical imagination.

There are two sorts of possible readers for the books at the head of this review. One sort—I suppose that they will be about three-quarters of the whole—are intelligent Anglicans. Their need of historical imagination will be small. They have been brought up in the Anglican faith. That queer, grave, responsible spirit of compromise, which is the very basis of their Church, is as familiar to them as the magnificent language in which it finds its habitual expression. They can no more talk of Pascal's former "mania" for scientific pursuits than they can think of his subsequent "mania" for religion. They believe in the truth of what they profess and the honesty and sanity of those seventeenth-century divines to whom they are so deeply indebted. Or if they don't, they ought to. But there is another sort of possible reader, the man who is curious. His interests may be literary—or religious, but unless they are also historical he will not understand very much, and unless to some extent they are all three he will fail to receive much pleasure. You cannot divorce form from content. No one ever wrote superbly about something which was merely silly. And unless you understand what men like Hooker, or Sanderson, or Jeremy Taylor really meant, and that they meant it seriously, it is impossible to appreciate their writings with the understanding they deserve.

But the seventeenth century, especially in England, is not easy to understand. It was an age of revolution and an age of serious conservation. Knowledge was growing prodigiously almost every year and yet a curious naivety remained. (The reader may be recommended Mr. Willey's admirable *Seventeenth Century Background.*) And meanwhile what has come, sometimes it must be confessed most irritatingly, to be known as the English character was in process of formation. Until the seventeenth century there was not much difference between an Englishman and another European. In the seventeenth century we seem to fork off from the main European stream. The middle classes arrived at power so early here, that in politics and religion alike the spirit of compromise, which often seemed so despicable to other eyes, was shown to be not merely a necessity, but a thing of gravity and beauty, of which we have a certain right to be proud, and which in the writings of the Anglican divines has produced some of our finest prose.

Anglicanism is a big book of over 800 pages in length; it is excellently produced; and it is admirably edited. As an anthology it is almost perfect, and it contains a whole mass of seventeenth-century prose which it would be almost impossible to procure in any other way. But it is more valuable than any mere anthology. The two long introductory essays, one by Paul Elmer More and the other by Felix R. Arnott, contain a great deal of information and are as sober and well balanced as the writers which they introduce. I know the title of the book may sound depressing. I suppose that cannot be helped. I know that its authors are themselves good Anglicans. But it is as fine an introduction to seventeenth-century thinking as can be found, and the man who could read it, and be really stupid about the seventeenth century at the end of it, would be a fool indeed.

Liturgy and Society is bound to be smaller beer. Mr. Hebert

would believe as the seventeenth century believed, but for better or worse he has been born into the modern world. Modern facts are modern facts and Mr. Hebert does his best with them. He is quite sincere, he writes well, and he puts forward a good case. Yet somehow one feels that his book, like some of the horrible illustrations of modern ecclesiastical art which illustrate it, will not do. It is better than they are, but, to me at least, it seems historically unimaginative about the present.

RALPH WRIGHT

MISS COMPTON BURNETT

A House and Its Head. By I. COMPTON BURNETT. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The countrymen of Henry James are now exporting a good supply of novels which have the same merits as their motor cars, speed, toughness, the ability to hold the road and a fairly good-looking shape. But how many of these products could be reread? (And this, I take it, is a rough test of a work of art.) On the other hand, the more pretentious novels now appearing cannot, most of them, be read even once. For dazzling as are the performances of Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Joyce, such influence as they have had is proving disastrous, rather like that of Claude Monet in painting. Incoherence, shapelessness and a complete inability to make the figures three-dimensional are the stigmata of most "advanced" novels: except when directed by a great stylist, the stream of consciousness ends in a mere swamp. In this country there have been one or two remarkably gifted novelists who have pursued their isolated English way unperturbed by these dangerous influences. Mr. E. M. Forster, for instance, and Miss Stella Benson. But Mr. Forster seems to have abandoned the novel, and Miss Stella Benson has died leaving an unfinished novel, *Mundos*, of an extraordinary excellence which exacerbates one's sense of an irreparable loss. We have one novelist, however, who seems to me not only an individual of genius but a pattern of many literary virtues, Miss Compton Burnett. At first sight her work strikes you as clumsy and heavy-fisted; her figures, though solid, are not what is called "life-like," and she composes her books on highly defined and artificial designs. In fact, she is open to all the reproaches laid upon the founders of post-impressionism. And it is still as useless, I think, to put her work before the general public as it was to put that of Cézanne a quarter of a century ago.

Now inaccessibility is a quality which has recently acquired altogether too much prestige; among expatriate Americans in particular, the more obscure a book has been, the more extravagantly it has been praised. But the difficulty of Miss Compton Burnett's books comes not from obscurity but from concentration: they require very slow and attentive reading. (The best preparation for appreciating them would be, I think, an acquaintance not with *Anna Livia Plurabelle* or Miss Stein's works but with the dialogues of Plato.) She carries succinctness of expression almost to a fault, and she is ascetic in her exclusion of everything not directly to her purpose. The characters move on a stage bare of scenery and properties. They breathe, but in a vacuum. There is hardly anything but dialogue, and this is continually focused on a particular point, no incidental or introductory passages being permitted. I do not know where in literature one could find so rigorous a concentration upon the subject, except in the plays of Racine. The author encloses her characters to study their reactions rather like Pavlov inventing particular and restricted conditions for his dogs. Each chapter contains an event, described with laconic speed, which the characters then discuss in relation to themselves and to one another. Moreover, the language is stylised intensely—at first it seems grotesquely stilted, and then you perceive that it is an instrument of astounding precision. Indeed, the characters are all masters of dialectic; they pick up and play with one another's phrases like University wits of the Renaissance. Miss Compton Burnett employs this hard and precise style on themes of extreme romantic horror, matricide and infanticide and incest. It is like hearing the plots of Aeschylus and Sophocles recounted in the cool detached tones of Miss Austen.

Miss Compton Burnett's new novel, *A House and Its Head*, shows little change in its author. I have reread her previous books without being able to decide which I prefer. *Brothers and Sisters* is perhaps the most amusing and *Men and Wives* the most complete, while *More Women than Men* is probably the easiest to read, at least until this new book. Her technique is steadily becoming more perfect. The method by which she tells this last story is most remarkable: we are taken straight from weddings to christenings with no indication of the passage of time. Economy could not go further. Moreover, *A House and Its Head* shows a wider range of character than any of her previous books. Though there is not a phrase in it which even a magistrate could think offensive, it is profoundly shocking, like all her books. Indeed, the "audacity" of the works which get suppressed seems very childish and innocent by the side of her devastating and all-embracing irony.

I do not think that Miss Compton Burnett will ever be widely popular; though her books make one laugh aloud, the demands they make upon the reader are severe. But I should like specially to recommend them to practising novelists. The novel-form has become very elastic, and it would be foolish as well as useless to wish it more rigid. But novelists could learn from this writer the enormous advantages of a classical form. Miss Compton Burnett is not imitable, but she seems to me to sound a recall to order.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE EVOLUTION OF LAW

Civilisation or the Growth of Law. By WILLIAM A. ROBSON. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

We are so accustomed to Legislatures and the deliberate making of Laws, with their due obligations and sanctions, that we seldom turn our minds to consider the origins and nature of these familiar processes. Yet, as Dr. Robson shows in this erudite and profound treatise, the word and the thing, Law, go back into the dim recesses of primitive human life and into the depths of philosophic thought. For they indicate the continually recurrent endeavour of the animal man to apply his reason so as to get some order, some system, into his thinking about the world in which he finds himself and into the rudimentary art of social life.

What were the respective parts played by Man, God and Nature, in framing and giving authority to those customs which regulated man's mental and practical attitude towards his material environment and his fellow-man? How far were early customs determined by biological utility, in particular the survival of the family? How did this narrow social circle of corporative life gradually expand into tribalism and other larger groups, so as to prepare the way towards the nationalism which prevails to-day and the possible internationalism of to-morrow? What have been the changing attitudes of scientific law towards juristic law?

Such are some of the great questions upon which Dr. Robson pours the flood of learning at his disposal and with which he sometimes almost overwhelms his reader. For the task he has set himself is a very formidable one. He marshals a vast amount of historical learning in stating his case for the evolution of law from primitive customs to modern codification, and keeps reverting to the great philosophic thesis of the relation between the so-called natural laws and the laws for regulating human conduct.

The following passage (p. 272) will give some idea of his scope and method:

> The liberation of the human mind from the cramping influence of religious assumption respecting the nature of the universe; the destruction of authoritarian dogmas concerning the sanctity of law and the behaviour of physical matter; the banishment of sprites, demons, angels, gods, witches and wonder-workers of all kinds to the realm of myth and legend; the substitution of rational analysis for a belief in supernatural intervention and miraculous interference in the affairs of daily life; the awakening of patient and impartial enquiry into the processes of Nature; the belief that the behaviour of all phenomena is subject to the operation of known or knowable causes and effects; the recognition that the laws of man are what men make them and the laws of Nature what men discover them to be: all this constitutes a supremely important movement in the evolution of the human race. It forms, one may say, the most essential step towards freedom and knowledge and power that the human mind has yet taken.

Some interesting chapters deal with the intrusions of Natural Rights and Natural Laws into the political and economic orbits, especially the confusion in economic thought due to the belief that laws of production have the same immutable character as the laws of physical phenomena. Dr. Robson describes the shattering blows which eminent scientists and philosophers have recently dealt at the certitude of all scientific laws, the tendency to treat all natural laws as averages and to deny any determinant causation. Though he continues to distinguish the "must" in a scientific law from the "ought" of ethics, he evidently perceives the

difficulties which the elimination of objective causation in the natural order place in the preservation of the sort of "freedom of the will" required by the religious and ethical obligations. Nevertheless, he ends upon a note of firm belief in the power of man to use his will in conjunction with his fellows for achieving social progress. "The discovery of the power to aim at ideal ends freely chosen by his own will and intelligence is the supreme achievement of man" (p. 342).

So rich and free are the discussions set forth in this book that it seems somewhat churlish to ask for something more. But some readers will have a feeling that the analyses are conducted upon a too elevated intellectual plane and that they would have liked to have more light upon the reactions of the mind of ordinary men towards the alleged supercession of magic and religion in regulating the events of Nature and the affairs of man as well as towards the making of laws and the provisions for changing them.

J. A. HOBSON

NEW NOVELS

Cast Down the Laurel. By ARNOLD GINGRICH. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Jew Boy. By SIMON BLUMENFELD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Waiting for Nothing. By ZOM KROMER. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Fully Dressed and in his Right Mind. By MICHAEL FESSIER. *Gollancz.* 6s.

The Wolf at the Door. By ROBERT FRANCIS. Translated by Françoise Delisle. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

Though communicative enough in other respects—almost pathetically anxious to unpack and spread out for posterity's benefit their whole paraphernalia of emotions, aspirations and recollections—few writers have thought it worth their while to gratify our curiosity on a far more important point. *How* a writer works, we are seldom told; and it is one of the greatest charms of *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* that, besides containing the author's philosophy of life, it should also contain his philosophy of creation and that the gigantic book should seem to grow under our eyes. We are conscious of the world that it depicts; we are conscious, at the same time, of the brain that observes, the hand that notes down, and of the whole epic war between the writer and his material. Every work of art is a conquest of reality; and just as interesting as the author's triumph, whether it be partial or complete, is an account of his preliminary campaign. With what ultimatum, we want to ask, did the struggle open? Was it reality that goaded the artist into the field, by outraging his sensibility, striking deep at his self-love; or did he launch his attack in the spirit of a cunning marauder? By what stratagem, for example, did the novelist select and cut off from their fellows the fragmentary human traits that he has since incorporated in the outlines of a single fictitious personage? Proust, we know, was a ruthless and implacable sharp-shooter and used scraps of as many different personalities to make up the portrait of a Charlus, an Albertine, a Madame de Guermantes, as there were bird-skins in an Aztec chieftain's feathered robe; for the effect that he sought was usually multiform. Very often, his largest portraits remain unfinished; they have the vivid and inconstant quality of life itself.

It is always amusing to be taken into the novelist's confidence; and if *Cast Down the Laurel* is considerably more entertaining than the average modern narrative, it owes much of its interest to the fact that the book consists of a series of approximations and tentative explanations, rather than of the fixed and finished picture we are inclined to expect. Two storytellers are shown at work on the same theme. Learning that his friend B., a professional novelist, contemplates weaving a novel round the life of the pianist, Karel Telec, A. (an advertising copy-writer—most copy-writers are disappointed novelists) prepares a number of brief sketches—he calls them *Dossiers*—of certain human beings and localities that have been involved, at one time or another, in the tragi-comedy of Telec's fate. Up to this point, the style is random and disjointed. Mr. Gingrich has learnt a great deal from Mr. Sherwood Anderson; and there is a somewhat irritating parade of literary casualness—the conjurer rolling up his sleeves, displaying the emptiness of his top hat, scratching his head and assuming a vacant stare—all in the approved Andersonian manner. Nevertheless, he contrives to tell his tale. We get a vivid impression of Telec—a much less incredible personage than the usual great composer or gifted virtuoso of modern fiction—of his second wife, Josephine Eckhart, his favourite pupil, Chalice Spencer, and the odd circle of enthusiasts and friends by whom he is surrounded.

Then, the professional novelist takes up the story. Throughout *Apollo's Young Widow* (which has a separate title page) the reader's attention is kept pleasantly on the stretch; for he cannot make up his mind just how faithful to the real facts of the case this somewhat melodramatic and highly coloured narrative is supposed to be. Finally, the first narrator provides a postlude. This resolves itself into a savage criticism of the method by which the novelist has exploited and distorted the material of the original *Dossiers*; while, to wind up, A. gives the true story of the events that followed Telec's death and of the comparatively prosaic destiny of Chalice Spencer. . . . How far does Mr. Gingrich succeed in his plan? The convention entails a certain tiresomeness. The circulating-library public will not appreciate a device that makes it necessary for them to start anew half-way through the volume; yet the effect of the book is ingenious and lively. It will appeal to the more speculative type of reader who likes putting together a long story on his own account.

Certainly, *Cast Down the Laurel* is a far more readable production than *Jew Boy* or *Waiting for Nothing*, two realistic novels of a strictly orthodox kind. Both are interesting; but what makes them interesting is not the author's treatment of his material, but the material itself—an account of life as lived by a young Jew in the East End, and a painful story, founded on a solid autobiographical basis, of the sufferings of a workless American in the depression years. *Jew Boy* is an absorbing book, because it introduces us to scenes with which we are most of us totally unfamiliar; but I cannot imagine that I should be very anxious to read Mr. Blumenfeld were his scene laid in Chelsea or South Kensington, instead of the Whitechapel Road. Similarly, *Waiting for Nothing* carries off a commonplace style with the help of subject-matter as lurid and macabre as anything in the *Purgatorio* or the *Inferno*. Here is a study of starvation, misery and disappointment, and of their effect on the consciousness of a sensitive and intelligent man. Mr. Dreiser provides a characteristic preface; but it is unfortunate that, although the method is realistic—so realistic that one chapter, the description of a sadistic orgy in an American jail, has been omitted in its entirety from the English

edition—Mr. Kromer's style should be derivative and artificial. He has cut a slice from the bleeding rump of contemporary society; he serves it up with a mannered literary flourish.

Whereas *Jew Boy* and *Waiting for Nothing* constitute a frontal attack, *Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind* and *The Wolf at the Door* approach reality from a very different, and far more elusive angle. Both are fantasies. That is to say, instead of marching up to reality and attempting to batter it into artistic subjection by means of direct statement, the novelist is concerned to catch it unawares. Why accept the ponderous pretences of everyday life? The "real" world, Mr. Fessier and M. Robert Francis would both assert, is a mere speck floating on the sea of dreams, apparitions and reveries; and literature moves somewhat between the two. Thus, with the chronicle of ordinary events, they interweave the stuff of nightmare, fairy tale and legend. *Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind* is not an entirely successful book; but, as a first novel, it is a remarkable production and suggests that Mr. Fessier's future career will be worth watching. Here is a fantasy laid in modern America. Through it all moves an anonymous character—the personification of motiveless evil—who reminded me, as I read the book, of a satanic counterpart of that wonderful lunatic who did so much to make *Twentieth Century* one of the best films of its time. In contrast to the little old man is the girl whom the narrator watches, night after night, swimming naked and unafraid through the dark waters of a lake in one of San Francisco's public parks. . . . Impossible to summarise this curious story; for its charm is of the sort that defies analysis—you will either enjoy the book, or break its back after the first few pages. Its style is that of the tough American detective novel; but subject and sentiment show the influence of *Florentine Nights*.

The Wolf at the Door comes to us with a recommendation from Mr. Havelock Ellis, whose literary criticism is always worth reading. Some years back, he devoted a long and interesting essay to the work of Marcel Jouhandeau; and in *The Wolf at the Door*, an English rendering of *La Grange aux Trois Belles*, published abroad in 1933, he seems to find something of the same attraction. M. Francis's acknowledged masters are Alain Fournier, Dickens and Hans Andersen. So close is his relationship to the author of *Le Grand Meaulnes* that, when his book first appeared, he was accused of wholesale plagiarism; and, though his Dickensian borrowings are slightly less obvious, he introduces us, against a background of the French countryside under the Second Empire, to several characters who might have stepped from *David Copperfield*. . . . Personally, I prefer M. Francis's masters to M. Francis himself. Yet there are curious and beautiful passages throughout the book; which is oddly readable, notwithstanding its enormous length. The story moves as mazily as any sleepwalker, but has some of the pictorial sharpness of a vivid dream.

PETER QUENNELL

A MARXIST CRITIC

Literature. By PHILIP HENDERSON. *Lane: The Twentieth Century Library.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Henderson is a poet with a good ear for rhythm and a strong feeling for the power of elemental images; he has edited Elizabethan texts; he is an experienced journalist; and he has a keen appreciation of music as well as literature. The publication of a volume of Marxist criticism by a man of his sensibility and experience is an event of some importance. Too often the man who sets out, like Mr. Henderson, "to trace the development of literature in relation to the social order of which it is the outcome" is neither able to write well himself nor to distinguish between good and bad writing by others: he estimates the importance of writers by their popularity, and their value by the acceptability of their doctrines.

Mr. Edmund Wilson, to whom Mr. Henderson is indebted, avoids these failings, but Mr. Henderson himself is less successful. He writes on "The Ancient World," "Feudalism and the Church," "The Renaissance and the Rise of the Middle Classes," "The Industrial Revolution and Capitalism," "The Present and the Breakdown of Capitalism," and "The Future," and in each chapter he has some salutary things to say about beliefs and attitudes and beauties which are valid only for a particular class in a particular state of society. He gives a new bias to literary history by insisting always on the importance of that literature which is nearest to the life of the ordinary man, and he is full of scorn for those writers who explore the ramifications of their sensibility in a way which can be intelligible only to a privileged few. Often, in his eagerness to make writers appear to fit into his categories, Fascist, bourgeois, Liberal-intellectual, proletariat, he suppresses important information. He shows discrimination in selecting, whether for praise or blame, only those writers who have literary merit, but there is very little purely literary criticism in his book. He praises the realistic attitude of the Anglo-Saxon *Seafarer*, but says nothing of its technique: he criticises the political implications of Stephen Spender's poems, but does nothing to sharpen the reader's appreciation of them, except to mention that they show "a verbal power and a command of large rhythms" lacking in other writers.

There are three things that should not be forgotten in criticism, and Mr. Henderson forgets two of them. The first is that literature is often play; its value depends partly on the amusement which it provides. Secondly, whether it is play or whether it is didactic, it possesses social and moral implications which partly determine its value. Thirdly, part of its importance depends neither on the amusement nor the instruction which it provides, but on the increased power which it gives to us to express our thoughts and feelings and so to clarify and control them.

Mr. Henderson's book is a fierce attack upon writers who judge solely by the first and third criteria: his method is violently to overstate judgments based upon the second criterion. Perhaps, in spite of the work of critics like Leslie Stephen, this corrective is still necessary among sophisticated readers, but it seems out of place in a book apparently intended for readers with no close acquaintance with literature in general.

Mr. Henderson is a genuine Marxist critic: he has no use for the literature which expresses the difference between men, he praises only that which expresses the thoughts and aspirations of a class, preferably the working-class. "Individualism" revolts him; and it is true that the cult of a highly introspective literature is likely to have a morbid effect on society as a whole, and much of that literature will be of no interest in the future. But, presumably, even under Communism, men will still be different one from another and will wish to be understood, and to understand one another and the past. If Shakespeare or Pope or Mr. Eliot have provided them with rhythms and images suited to their needs, they will use them without worrying about the political orthodoxy of the inventor, just as we use Mme. Curie's word "radium" or Van Helmont's word "gas" without bothering about the antiquated views of those scientists on atomic structure or on oxidation.

If, as Mr. Henderson believes, the working-class is to become more and more important as the source and audience of literature, then literature and literary history must deal more and more with subject-matter of interest to that class. But the writers whom Mr. Henderson commends, James Hanley, Walter Greenwood and Ignazio Silone, are good not merely because they sympathise with the working-class, but because they can communicate the thoughts and feelings of that class. And when we look at the list of Mr. Henderson's commendations, we are left hoping, rather desperately, that the mentors of his new public will be kind enough to allow it a little fun now and then, and long-sighted enough to remember that there are some books which are good, not because they express a true doctrine or an attitude which is our own, but because they help us to understand the other man's point of view and help us to settle some disputes by reason and persuasion.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

PLANNED BUILDING

The Rebuilding of Manchester. By Sir E. D. SIMON and J. Inman. *Longmans.* 5*s.*

Every town councillor should study this book. Everyone interested in housing and in town and regional planning—either as an expert or as a layman—will find it useful and stimulating. There is to-day enthusiasm for better planning and for the supply of good and sufficient housing, but so far we have lacked a reasoned and detailed plan for the rebuilding of any great industrial centre. This book deals with Manchester, but it is almost as important for those who do not live in Manchester as for those who do, and it gains enormously as a result of being a concentrated study. Generalisations on housing are becoming a little monotonous.

In *The Rebuilding of Manchester* the authors give us a striking historical summary revealing how the city came to be what it is, a statistical analysis of the present position, and a plan

for the future. There are three excellent maps: (1) Manchester in 1935; (2) as it might be in 1985; and (3) a replanning scheme for the centre of the city. The result of a number of housing surveys and inquiries are conveniently tabulated throughout, and Tables III and IV at the end of the book, dealing with economic rents of cottages and flats at various costs and rates of interest, are particularly useful. Housing officials and public-spirited councillors who are constantly facing the difficulties and set-backs—not to mention the unpopularity—which are the lot of any enterprising administrators will be interested, excited even, by the story of Manchester's struggles to own and build the satellite garden town of Wythenshawe, and their achievement. The fair and careful discussion of the cottages *v.* flats controversy comes at a welcome moment: the authors conclude in favour of a balance between outlying garden towns and the best a modern city can do in the way of block dwellings with playgrounds and social services. London is, of course, exceptional and is not considered.

Several points of special interest arise. Every theory in this book is based on knowledge and experience, and on the disinterested and expert examination of adequate data and evidence. The book is not written in the interests of a political party. What is the conclusion? The authors have committed themselves to uncompromising municipal socialism. The only solution of our present problems lies, in their judgment, in complete control or ownership by the City Corporation—or such regional authority as may come in the future—of all land to be re-developed. For those who share the ideals of the authors of this book another point of particular interest arises. Is it possible to make a plan for 50 or 100 years ahead? It is so necessary that it must be attempted—but can we understand the future enough? Sir E. D. Simon and his collaborator have tried to take account of every discoverable tendency—to fulfil the functions of that "Minister of Foresight" recommended by Mr. H. G. Wells. But there is a slightly disappointing hint of finality. As an instance:

> On the whole we think it is safe for town planners to assume that the Tudor Walters cottage, built twelve to the acre, may for practical purposes be regarded as a permanent standard.

Yet again the authors say:

> Surely we must assume that humanity will overcome the political stupidities which are making us poor to-day. If so, then it is inevitable that in another fifty or a hundred years we shall be as much richer than we are to-day, as we are to-day richer than we were a hundred years ago.

Yes; but if so, will anyone tolerate for a moment the style of living in cottages with only one sitting-room, where the mother is the maid-of-all-work she is to-day? There is no want of understanding of the present position in this book. The authors know that the problem of housing is one of the many problems of poverty. If, as they rightly urge, we can do away with poverty, why should we not look forward to a time when people have a spacious town flat if they want it, and a country or seaside cottage as well? This brings us back to the question: Can we make a bold and imaginative plan for a century, which includes a practical working plan for the next ten years? I think we can, and that in its essentials *The Rebuilding of Manchester* provides such a plan.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

THE AFFECTIONATE MUSE

Love Poems. By W. H. DAVIES. *Cape.* 3s. 6d.

Unknown Lovers. By GEORGE ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. *Heinemann.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Davies is a deservedly popular poet, his poems have a beauty, however big or little it may be, which is not generally disputed. He is so easy to enjoy and has been so widely hailed that critics have sometimes over-estimated him. He cannot, for instance, except in the most superficial way, be compared with Herrick. Herrick wrote tiny simple lyrics, but within some of them there is a real profundity, or poetic seriousness—within *To Daffadills*, for instance—which Davies never approaches. *Love Poems* bring no new departures. The tiny lyrics are absolutely perfect in all the poet set out to do. Each poem contains one fancy about Love which his skill has charmingly fitted into rhymes, like the most delicate cabinet-making. His "Love" is sometimes the Cupid, sometimes the simple abstraction, of traditional poetry. None of these poems will stand among his best, and it is disappointing to find nothing here so beautiful as that old house whose

> windows here, no longer square or straight,
> Are able now, from their fantastic state,
> To squint down their own walls, and see the flowers
> That get more drippings from the eaves than showers.

Above all, that other poet who used to speak in Mr. Davies' appearing suddenly with a grown-up, modern, quite unsentimental mind, is here absent. I suppose he was thought an unsuitable fellow to have about while his brother made 'ove in the best bedroom, and was sent off to the village. I was sorry, for this one's conversation is really so much less interesting; and at one moment he seems to have tumbled through the mattress of platitude right into the commercial song-lyric itself:

> Love is the precious jewel in our Life,
> The sweetest thing this Earth has ever known.

It is now high time that the exaltation of technique over matter came to an end. The notion that the way of saying something is more important than the thing said is even more pernicious than its converse. Alas, it received the episcopal sanction. "I am seldom interested in what he says, but only in the way he says it," wrote Mr. Eliot of Mr. Pound's biggest work, the *Cantos*. Now the value of *Unknown Lovers* is chiefly in the thing said. Many of Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton's poems can be read with great pleasure, because the attitude of the poet is at once significant and beautiful: what he says there is worth saying. As for his technique, it is often, though not invariably, equal to his thought. Mr. Hamilton has developed a style of free verse consisting of short lines varying in length, unrhymed or freely inter-rhymed. All free verse is best when it is least free, and Mr. Hamilton's, to my mind, when he uses rhyme and when the irregularities of his metre are subtle variations of a regular form. *New Cities* begins with the beautiful verse,

> what boast have weeds and grasses, humbling
> Brick and lime
> Of walls falling and high towers tumbling
> To dust, and the dissolution of Time?

THE CHOICE OF THE BOOK GUILD

The Diplomatic Game

DREW PEARSON and CONSTANTINE BROWN

The intimate, behind-the-scenes story of international foreign relations since the World War. How the Kellogg pact was scribbled on an envelope—why Stimson's forgotten 'phone call wrecked a conference—why Roosevelt begged Mussolini to come to London; these and a thousand other close-ups form the many dramatic passages in this amazing glimpse through the keyhole of world politics. 10s. 6d. net.

How Greater London is Governed

HERBERT MORRISON

With the Leader of the London County Council as courier, the reader comes thoroughly to understand the municipal administration of the Metropolis, and to see the basis on which the complex government of Greater London could be reorganised. 6s. net

Lovat Dickson

In spite of *John Lord*, this poet is not really a satirist at heart. He looks at the world with an affection and gentleness which are perhaps the most desired and the rarest qualities of a poet in this age. The first words of his first poem, *Hospital Ward*—"The world is sick"—are a pretext not for despair but prayer. More subtle is that poem where two Unknown Lovers by a churchyard became the symbol of all lovers and the eternal spirit of love, contrasted with the poor insignificant bodies beside them, where

> quiet they stood
> As monuments having no part
> In the mounting flood,
> The flowing tide of the heart,
> The quick distemper of blood.

It is Yeats' contrast of "the fury and the mire of human veins" with a mystical permanence, restated. Mr. Hamilton is a religious poet and has much in common with the great seventeenth-century poets, Vaughan and Crashaw and Herbert.

LAURENCE WHISTLER

LORD PETER WIMSEY

Whose Body. By DOROTHY SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.
Unnatural Death. By DOROTHY SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.
Unpleasantness at the Beltona Club. By DOROTHY SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.
Clouds of Witness. By DOROTHY SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.

I have always followed the career of Lord Peter Wimsey with affection and curiosity. In the new cheap edition of Miss Sayers' record of his remarkable detective triumphs some of the problems connected with his earlier life are finally settled in a Preface contributed by his uncle, Paul Austin Delagardie. Father Ronald Knox, or some other learned student of the lives and habits of our best-known detectives, will no doubt still find subjects of commentary and exegesis in apparent discrepancies of date and place. But Mr. Delagardie throws really valuable light on the central Wimsey problem—how this young man, who seems at the time of the tragedy described in *Whose Body* to have closely modelled himself on one of P. G. Wodehouse's heroes, should have developed so quickly into the remarkable and serious detective of the *Have His Carcase* mystery. Bunter's similar development from a Jeeves character into a technical crime expert is less in need of explanation. For Bunter, like Jeeves, was obviously a really able man even when most serious about the shades of emotion conveyed by the cut of a coat or the colour of a tie. Lord Peter's Wodehouse phase was, apparently, a disguise adopted after the double shock of being jilted by a worthless girl during the war and of being buried by a German shell. Happening into detection, Lord Peter was indeed fortunate to have become friends with so intelligent and open-minded an officer as Inspector Parker. His employment of Miss Climpson, a maiden lady of strict principles and unusual penetration who proved so helpful in the *Unnatural Death* and other cases, is a proof of Lord Peter's originality as a detective. In the melodramatic affair described in *Clouds of Witness* we see Lord Peter courageously refusing to admit defeat even when it seems least possible to save his family from a serious scandal and his brother from the gallows. It must be admitted on this occasion that coincidence played a large part in his success. His character and ability are even more remarkably shown in the *Unpleasantness at the Beltona Club* affair; even though the result of his interference was to produce a second death in the club building, the most particular member of its exclusive membership could not deny that Lord Peter's conduct conformed to the best tradition of sportsmanship. Eton cricketer, Balliol scholar, musician, bibliophile, swimmer, fencer, and man-about-town, Lord Peter even at the most critical moments of tracking down the criminal to his lair never ceases to be a very charming fellow, full of excellent drollery and always the gentleman.

He owes a great deal to Miss Sayers. She has out-distanced her rivals, because she is much more than a chronicler. She is also an excellent novelist who takes the trouble to master the background of her case and who never neglects her minor characters. *Murder Must Advertise*, written on the basis of years of experience in the strange world of advertising, is a classic among all advertising men whether or not they happen also to be detective fans. Similarly, her erudition about bell-ringing in the *Nine Tailors* is as unexpected as Lord Peter's remarkable skill in that art. I am delighted to see that there is soon to be a new Wimsey book. If his touch does not fail I hope there will be many more. But there is always a danger that a detective may go on too long, and I hope that when Lord Peter does die, or take to some other profession equally suitable to a man of his unusual parts, he will disappear thoroughly and completely and not, like Sherlock Holmes, stage an unconvincing return from the next world. However, he is still a young man and the pressing problem is whether he will, after all, make up his mind to marry. The really nice girls fall for him at once.

M.

A GOOD START TO EACH DAY

A comfortable shave means a good start to the day. If you find shaving a bore in the morning, give Parke-Davis Shaving Cream a trial. It really does soften the beard quickly and effectively, and yet protects the skin from irritation. The liberal seven-shave tube which we offer you free will prove it. Use the coupon and confirm our claims. Large tube 1/6. From all Chemists.

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

Made by the Makers of Euthymol Tooth Paste

EUTHYMOL (119/37) 50 Beak St., London, W.1
Please send FREE sample tube Shaving Cream
Name .....
Address .....
.....
(Use block letters please)

OFFICIAL HISTORY

Outline History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. By N. POPOV. 2 vols. *Martin Lawrence.* 12s.

This is quite a difficult book to read, though previous acquaintance with the writings of Bayle, Jurieu, Maimbourg and other sixteenth-century polemists stood the reviewer in good stead. Popov's history, originally published, I think, in 1931, supersedes Yaroslavski's book on the same subject (1929). An earlier history of the Russian Communist Party was written in 1924 by Zinoviev. Critical juxtaposition of these three texts provides an interesting confirmation of the adage that every generation rewrites in its own terms the history of its ancestors. In the U.S.S.R. three generations have been packed, with true Bolshevik *tempo*, into a decade.

Popov is flagrant in his rewriting of events. Besides showing talent as an exegetist of the sacred writings of the major prophets (the only authors directly quoted are Lenin and Stalin), he fits his history into a Zoroastrian framework. The struggle is one between the forces of light and of darkness. Lenin and Stalin stand as the representatives of the former, and the villain of the piece is Trotsky. Trotsky, who in volume one is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in volume two, the author's best efforts notwithstanding, gradually attains the stature of Satan in *Paradise Lost*. It is hard to understand why the Bolsheviks, who have so many excellent arguments against Trotskyism, so often let their case go by default and fall back on misrepresentation, diatribe and suppression of facts. In spite of the pro-Trotskyist bias aroused in the reader by Popov's handling of his material, one is

Some people say that

REVIEWERS GIVE HIGH PRAISE

only to books published by firms who also publish the reviewers' own books, but none of the reviewers who have written the following eulogies has any connection whatever with the firm which published the book.

"extraordinarily vivid and entertaining reminiscences." *Sunday Times.*

"a brilliant, fascinating, vital book, a vigorous and biting and witty book . . ." A. G. MACDONELL in *John O'London Weekly.*

"contains more really good stories than we have come across for a long time." *The Bystander.*

"certainly entertaining . . . He has met many of the most noteworthy men of his time and his pages glow with living portraiture." ARTHUR WAUGH, in *The Spectator.*

The book which is so highly praised by these and other reviewers is

PICTURES AND POLITICS

by **ARTHUR PILLANS LAURIE** *6s. net*

In a varied life he has come into contact with P. C. Tait, Holman Hunt, Canon Barnett, R.L.S., Mrs. Wyndham, Geikie, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Besant, Lloyd George, J. S. Blackie, Sir John Simon, the Duke of Westminster, Robin Lorimer, Lord Duveen, Lord Haldane, Vaughan Nash, Sir John Lorne MacLeod any many other interesting personalities.

Balkan Sobranie is not a name which means much to the many. It is the title of a cigarette made by hand to delight the few—which explains why so few of them are made. Not merely an occasional indulgence, not only for great occasions, but your Sesame to a new philosophy of life and a new joy in living.

Balkan Sobranie

TURKISH— large 4/- *per* 25
medium 3/8 *per* 25
VIRGINIA— 2/- *per* 25

Sole Makers:—A. WEINBERG 33 Newman St., Oxford St., W.1.

CVS-208

Ireland is next door

Ireland is only three hours away from Holyhead or Fishguard —less than three hours on a fine big steamer and you land in a new world still unspoilt by the march of industry. The hills of Connemara, the silver reaches of the Shannon, the Golden Vale of Tipperary are just as peaceful and beautiful as they were in the days of St. Patrick. The only difference is that now there are plenty of excellent hotels and first-class golf courses.

FAMOUS BEAUTY RESORTS

BALLYBUNION, LISDOONVARNA, GLENDALOUGH, ROSSLARE STRAND, GLENGARRIFF, TRAMORE, PARKNASILLA, KILLARNEY, YOUGHAL, CONNEMARA, KILKEE, BRAY, AVOCA, SLIGO, GALWAY

Write for the Great Southern Railways' special folders — Seven-Day Contract Tickets; "All-in" Tours, including Rail, Motor, Sightseeing and Hotels.

Guides and Particulars of Holiday and Tourist Fares from L.M.S. Euston; G.W.R., Paddington; G.S.R. (I), Kingsbridge, Dublin; or from any Station, Office or Agency of these Companies.

IRELAND

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
LONDON, W.1
(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

THE WINTER SESSION will open on October 1, 1935

The Medical School and Hospital occupy a central position within a few minutes' walk of Oxford Circus. They are fully equipped for teaching the entire Medical Curriculum, both for University Degrees and the Conjoint Course.

The Hospital has been entirely rebuilt; the remodelled Out-Patient Department continues to expand; the newly built quarters for the Resident Officers afford greatly improved facilities, and are being still further enlarged. These, with other new buildings, including modern and well-equipped Laboratories, give to the Middlesex Hospital and its Medical School the most up-to-date facilities obtainable in Great Britain. In addition there is open a new unit devoted to Clinical Research and it contains 6 small self-contained wards and a large Clinical Lecture Theatre. The wards of the Archway Hospital, Highgate, containing 600 beds, are also available for Medical and Surgical demonstrations for students of this Medical School.

RESIDENT APPOINTMENTS

34 Resident Appointments are afforded annually to newly qualified students.

10 Registrars are also appointed annually.

Scholarships and Prizes of a value exceeding £1,000 are awarded each year.

Large Athletic Grounds, Common Rooms, a well-equipped Restaurant and Gymnasium are provided. A Squash Racquets Court is available.

The Students' Amalgamated Clubs include Rugby and Association Football, Hockey, Cricket, Sailing, Fencing, Golf, Rowing, Swimming, etc.

There is no accommodation for women students.

Further particulars and a prospectus may be obtained on application to the School Secretary, Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer Street, W.1.

H. E. A. BOLDERO, M.A., D.M., F.R.C.P. *Dean.*

left convinced that on the Brest-Litovsk issue, on the Trade Union dispute, on the peasant question, and on many others, Trotsky was wrong and the official view right.

For the specialist, or for the general reader who already has some acquaintance with the literature, this history can be of value; though here again its usefulness is marred by the total absence of page references to quotations and the omission of an index. O. B. v. d. S.

SHORTER NOTICES

Odd Man Out. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

These memoirs tell the story of an amiable, advanced, violent, and rather ineffectual writer. He is, as he himself points out, usually on the fringe of things. His book consequently skirts various other autobiographies and serves as a footnote to Ford Maddox Ford's, and Moore's *Irish Trilogy*. Mr. Goldring knew Flecker well and must be the first person to attempt a full-length portrait of Mr. Alec Waugh. One sympathises with what the author says but his work is entirely lacking in the magic of biography, which makes an ordinary person's friends seem fantastic creatures, whose like we shall not see again. "Goldring will never get on," says one of his chums, "he is in with all the wrong people." "Yes, I know," answered another, "he's in with me." But one can't help being afraid that shortage of talent may have something to do with it as well.

Iraq: From Mandate to Independence. By ERNEST MAIN. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

A newspaper editor and correspondent of long service in the country of which he writes, Mr. Main has a keen and accurate eye for reality. Nor has he any axe to grind. He has got far beyond feeling either romantic about the Orient or enthusiastic about our mission to less-favoured races. The result is a scholarly and absolutely impartial book of which it would be difficult to speak too highly. The experiment described is undeniably incomplete. But a record was badly needed. And it is Mr. Main's achievement to make it both authoritative and absorbingly interesting. Oil and Imperial communications are the large international issues which have swayed the destinies of this infant country. Britain's reasons for sponsoring her godchild are made perfectly clear. But on the whole we show up well in the story. Iraq has had the benefits of our civil servants, our capital (much of it irredeemable), and our Air Force, without which she could not possibly have survived any one of the rebellions she has had to face. And only a certain amount of British perjury secured her admission to the League. Much of the Iraqi administration, on the other hand, clearly suggests the abnormal haste with which it was called into being. Iraq is not naturally compact and homogeneous, but contains large and discordant racial and religious minorities. This is one problem. An even more difficult one is the necessity of coming down to earth after a war period during which an unprecedented influx of wealth inculcated a standard of living which is completely at variance with the country's real natural resources.

The Theatre. By MALCOLM MORLEY. *Pitman.* 5*s.*

Mr. George Arliss writes a foreword to this book about the theatre, which contains a great deal of information and ventilates many sensible opinions. Mr. Morley blames the decay of theatre-going in the provinces chiefly upon the extreme incompetence of many touring companies, and insists upon the importance of repertory companies in provincial centres. He is well known as a producer and as a critic, but his enthusiasm for the theatre sometimes makes him too indulgent. It is not only economic difficulties which are strangling the theatre, it is the shortage of good plays: the repertory theatre is hard put to it to find a repertory.

Modern Production Among Backward Peoples. I. C. GREAVES, M.A., Ph.D. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ph.D. theses have, from the point of view of the general public, a bad reputation for weight and dullness. Miss Greaves' study is an exception, combining the closely packed matter and closely reasoned analysis required by academic standards with a certain stimulating breadth of generalisation. Condition of labour supply from the free peasant producer to the virtually enslaved indentured labourer; monetary incentive; the native's standard of living, actual and potential; the circumstances on which depends the organisation of production in different areas, are clearly described and convincingly accounted for. The book is written, on the whole, dryly and with restraint, but its cumulative effect is to kindle a blazing indignation and shame in the reader. The record of European dealings with "backward races" appears, with a very few honourable exceptions, as one of alternate savage exploitation and elaborate hypocrisy. One must not idealise the natural state of the African or Polynesian savage, ridden by witchcraft or cannibalism and plagued by disease and murrain; but the fact remains that to him the typical emissary of European civilisation is not the saint like Francis Xavier or Schweitzer, but the red-handed rubber concessionnaire of the Congo, the feudal-minded White Man of Kenya, the Pacific blackbirder and the Protectorate-grabbing South African. The wider question of the relation of civilisations remains untouched here, but for all who wish to face a problem which sooner or later the would will have to solve, this book provides a valuable framework of economic realism.

The Labyrinth: Further Studies in the Relation Between Myth and Ritual in the Ancient World. Edited by S. H. HOOKE. *S.P.C.K.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These studies by different hands stress the persistence through the ages of myths and rituals, and the syncretism with which religion after religion consciously or unconsciously adopts and varies those rituals which have always expressed the strongest hopes and desires of mankind. Thus Dr. O. S. Rankin discovers in the Jewish Festival of Hanukali rituals borrowed from the cults of Apollo and Dionysos; Professor E. O. James finds the sources of Christian ritual in the rituals of Osiris, Tammuz, Aleion, Demeter, and Dionysus, though their meaning may have been sublimated out of all recognition. Dr. Aubrey Johnson shows us David as the divine King whose well-being is bound up with that of his people, and the editor traces the ritual pattern in Jewish and Christian Apocalyptic. The studies, of course, bristle with controversial points; and there are one or two curious slips, as when Mr. C. N. Deedes is made to say that "within a quarter of a century of the Christian era the great Greek dramatists produced their well-known plays."

Daily Dozen...

When the chandelier in the drawing-room shakes with apprehension, and the air is full of the thud of falling bodies, it is probably only father doing his "daily dozen." He is a devotee of fitness, is father, and guards his young figure as an angry lioness guards her cubs. But the most intelligent part of his routine is his early morning Eno. How that sparkling dash in a glass of water refreshes and revives! How surely and simply it aids Nature in her natural, health-giving habits, cleansing the clogged system and bracing the blood-stream! And how jauntily father sets off after breakfast to battle with bulls and bears in the City.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6

The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade-marks.

Week-end Competitions

No. 278

Set by Gerald Bullett

You are the very young editor of a literary monthly, and you are a passionate adherent of the modernist school of literature. All goes well until your proprietor, a kind-hearted middle-aged woman for whom you have an affectionate regard, takes to writing verses which she wistfully hopes you will print. They are not bad verses by normal standards, but they belong to the wrong school: they are rhymed and metrical and conventionally punctuated: they turn your literary stomach. After receiving a number of these effusions, and doing nothing about it, you at last decide to send the whole lot back with a tactful letter. But what *is* tactful in such circumstances? Jocularity might be taken amiss. Stark

Three Important Pamphlets

DOES CAPITALISM CAUSE WAR?

FOREWORD BY VISCOUNT CECIL

A Discussion by

NORMAN ANGELL
H. N. BRAILSFORD
HAROLD J. LASKI
LEONARD WOOLF
FRANK HARDIE
J. P. M. MILLAR
MAY MUNRO
"A SOCIALIST"

(Based on the recent correspondence in "*The New Statesman and Nation.*")

Paper - 1s. Boards - 2s. 6d.

All bookstalls and bookshops or from Publishers, H. & E. R. BRINTON, 29 High Street, Maidstone, or from offices of "*New Statesman and Nation,*" 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE PEACE BALLOT

Official History and Results

CONCLUSION BY LORD CECIL

"A great and timely Declaration by the British people."

—The Archbishop of Canterbury.

1/- (Paper) & 2/6 (Cloth)

From any bookseller, any bookstall, or from the National Declaration Committee, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

Published by Victor Gollancz.

POISON GAS

A comprehensive survey of poison gas, how it is manufactured, what are its effects, and an analysis of the plans for defence against it.

From all booksellers—**6d.**
or by Post **7d.** from Publishers (address below)

THIS PAMPHLET INCLUDES HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED AND IMPORTANT REVELATIONS BASED ON RECENT RESEARCH INTO WHAT IS BEING PLANNED FOR THE NEXT WAR.

Fully Illustrated. Striking cover design by McKNIGHT KAUFFER

Published by The
UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL
34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

sincerity would wound. And the customary excuses (shortage of space and so on) would have a more than usually hollow sound. For such a letter, containing not less than 150 words and not more than 300, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea. The verses in question may be quoted from, and discussed, if the writer so desires.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 19th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 276

Set by Richard Church

Rewards and punishments are a part of the structure of the Social machine. We have our Honours List. Against this, why should we not have a Dishonours List instead of punishments? A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be given for a complete list of titles in this Dishonours List so that thieves, seducers, peculators, murderers, etc., may have their rank and be recognised by it.

Report by Richard Church

The hot weather has had a deliquescent effect upon this competition. Candidates have melted away, and those remaining are obviously in a very jellified condition. So much so, indeed, that I find it difficult to award a prize this week. I imagined that all kinds of enthusiasts would take this opportunity to air their pet schemes for reforming the penal laws; organising society on a basis of grades so that every individual in it would be immediately recognisable according to his or her moral worth; making punishment a more subtle form of torture than it is at present. But nobody has taken the opportunity seriously. There is much reference to bag-snatchers, body-snatchers, and other activities which suggest that the competitors have read or thought about nothing later than the villains of Dickens and Stevenson. "Turpitudo" is the most courageous, for he allots all crime amongst five classes: Social Maniacs, "S.M."; Social Pests, "S.P."; Minor Offenders, "M.O."; Social Disloyalists, "S.D."; Political Heretics, "P.H." In the first class, distinguished by "branding on right palm," he includes not only sex crimes but also idleness! That classification seems a little haphazard. Then "political heresy" consists of one group only, the Opposition! That, I think, is too Aryan for English taste. "Dangerous driving" is a neurosis, for so many refer to it, and in the same terms. Almost unanimously the distinction for this offence is "The Riband of Juggernaut." Then again, several competitors have not been able to avoid the too easy title of Miscount for embezzlers, though Mr. A. M. Laing has added to this by offering moneylenders the title of Sharquis. I think that P.L.A. (potential looter achievement) for company promoters, and B.B.C. (babies bought for cash) for kidnappers, are likely to lead to trouble with two distinguished and powerful organisations. Mr. Gordon Simpson has two bright suggestions: a Crowbarony for burglars, and a Hurldom for "Smash and Grabbers." The only competitor who has worked out an elaborate scheme of ranks and orders is Mr. T. Naisby, but I do not think that even his offering is sufficiently amusing to merit the full prize, so I award him a First Prize of only one guinea instead of two. Here is his Dishonours List.

FIRST PRIZE
DISHONOURS LIST

It is suggested that the future Dishonours List, issued by the Home Office on nomination by judges, magistrates, and at discretion, and conferring life dishonours only, shall be constituted as follows:

MARKS OF RANK FOR THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL, to be prefixed to name. (Awarded in order of villainy.)

DAMN, SKUNK, SLIME, GOB, YAH, and (where appropriate), ALIAS.

DISAPPEARAGES for those not traceable.

SPECIAL TITLES.

CAVE	with one red beacon ..	false pretences.
	with one red star	assault.
	with two red beacons ..	manslaughter.
	with two black beacons ..	murder.
MISCOUNT ..	with blue cross	falsification of accounts, fraudulent conversion, or embezzlement.

ORDERS.

O.J.	Order of the Jug	General disservices.
O.T.F... ..	Order of the Twisted Fleece	Fraudulent Company Promoting or Share Pushing.
K.C.W.S. ..	Knight Commander of White Slaves.	
G.C.O.B. ..	Grand Cross of the Most Remarkable Order of Bigamists	(Civil, Military, and Naval Divisions.)
O.B.E.E. ..	Order of Burglarious Entrance Efficiency.	
K.B.M. ..	Knight of Black Mail.	

OTHER DECORATIONS AND DISHONOURS.

B.B.A. ..	Bachelor, but Adept ..	seduction.
B.A.A. ..	Benedict and Adept ..	
M.S.A. ..	Master of Sexual Arts ..	
Chq.D., Doc.D.	Doctor of Cheques and Documents	forgery.
D.D.C.M. ..	Disgraceful and/or Drunken and/or Disorderly Conduct Medal	with one, two, three, or more bars.
A.S.S.	Associate of Scoundrels and Scugs	Receiver of Stolen Goods.
U.U.I.I. ..	Unblushing User of Illegal Instruments.	
L.H.O. ..	Licentiate of the Home Office	
E.5.P.	Equivalent of Five Years' Penal.	General.
M.D.(A.) ..	Merchant of Death (Armament Makers' Section).	

The titles of M.P. and M.F.H., etc., to remain as before, without prejudice. T. NAISBY

James Conn and Olwer Lawton tie in Second Prizes of half a guinea each.

SECOND PRIZE (1)

Confidence tricksters	Order of the Golden Fleece.
Poisoners	Knight of the Burning Pestle.
Road Hogs	Ribbon of the Legion of Gadara.
Fraudulent Company promoters ..	Star of Hope (with bars).

Look at your Curve!

DO you know what causes this curve? Fat. Yes, and fat-infiltrated muscles—weakened, degenerated, sagging. Maybe causing morbid and dangerous changes in the position of your vital organs — displacements disturbing their function.

Your abdomen can, and must, now be protected. It is one of the most important parts of your body — and often the most neglected.

"The Danger Curve" (sent free upon request) will tell you how the Linia Belt, by its constructive support and massaging action, tends to restore the abdominal wall to normal strength and condition; thus it not only safeguards against further harm, but improves your general health and well-being by restoring the normal functions of the abdominal organs.

You can Order by Post

We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we also guarantee perfect fitting if you will send us by post only *your* maximum girth measurement, stating the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches).

The prices of the Linia Belt, including a Linia Jock Strap are: Popular model, 3½ gns. (Black 4 gns). De Luxe model in pure silk, extra light quality, 6 gns. (Black 7 gns.). Standard model 2 gns. C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money returned if dissatisfied

On Sale Only at *Telephone: Regent 7370*

J. V. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent St., London, W.1

City Branch: 43 Cheapside, E.C.2. BIRMINGHAM: 14 New Street. MANCHESTER: 12 King Street. LIVERPOOL: 6 South John St., Lord St.

L 42

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.
GAIETY. Gay Deceivers. Tues. & Thurs.
HIPPODROME. Love Laughs—! Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. Grief Goes Over. Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578
Mats., TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
"Excellent mixture of laughter and thrills."—*D. Tele.*

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat. 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GAIETY. Tem. 6991. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, CLIFFORD MOLLISON,
CLAIRE LUCE, GINA MALO, DAVID HUTCHESON.

HIPPODROME. Gerrard 3272.
EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT. 2.30.
"LOVE LAUGHS —!"
"Rich and rollicking Musical Comedy."—*Morning Post.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. EVGS., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
"GRIEF GOES OVER."
A COMEDY. By MERTON HODGE.

QUEEN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 4517).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
Celia Johnson. Robert Harris.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES & FRI., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS & ELENA MIRAMOVA
in
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
with LOUISE HAMPTON.

"MAGNIFICENT ACTING FROM A BRILLIANT CAST." —*Morning Post.*
"A FIRST-RATE EXAMPLE OF FLESH CREEPING MELODRAMA." —*Daily Mail.*
"STAGED WITH AGONISING INTENSITY WONDERFULLY ACTED." —*Daily Express.*
"WE SHOULD HATE TO LEAVE THE THEATRE UNTIL IT IS OVER." —*Sunday Times.*
"GRIPPING, HAIR-RAISING STUFF FULL CONTENT OF THRILLS." —*Daily Sketch.*
"ONE OF THE BEST ATTEMPTED MURDER SCENES THAT HAS EVER BEEN PUT ON THE STAGE." —*Bystander.*
"A FIRST-RATE THRILLER. I GUARANTEE THIS PIECE'S POWER TO MAKE YOU HANG DESPERATELY ON TO THE ARMS OF YOUR SEAT." —*Daily Telegraph.*

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660). Smoking
Evgs., 8.30 Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A REVUE

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
This FRI., July 12th, at 8.30. 1st Mat., WED. next 2.30.
"MARRIAGE MAKES IT EASY."
New Modern Comedy. By DAVID HORNE.
Prices 1s. 6d. to 7s., Incl. Tax. Bookable.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed & Sat. 2.30
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
NEW RUSSIAN DRAMA based
on DOSTOIEVSKY stories.
"ST. PETERSBURG" (A),
with fine violin playing.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
MONDAY next, July 15th, RAIMU in
LES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ (A).
THURSDAY, July 18th, ROBERT FLAHERTY'S
TABU (U).

FESTIVAL

MALVERN DRAMA FESTIVAL
July 29—August 24.
Folders and Full Information from
MALVERN THEATRE, MALVERN

REPERTORY THEATRE

HARROGATE **White Rose Players.**
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
Living Dangerously. By Reginald Simpson & Frank Gregory.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

CHARITIES

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

An INDEX to Volume IX is in course of preparation and will be sent to postal subscribers, free of charge, on application and for one shilling, post free, to other readers.

The Publisher,
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

BUMPUS

The best Maps, Guide Books and Travel Books, and everything for holiday reading, can be chosen easily at Bumpus. Tell us where you are going, and we will suggest the most useful books.

Have you ordered your copy of Lawrence's SEVEN PILLARS, coming in August, at 30/- ?

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
477 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
TELEPHONE—MAYFAIR 3601

MOSCOW THEATRE FESTIVAL
SEPT. 1—10

The BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE is organising a special party under leadership of MR. LEWIS CASSON (DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE will also accompany the party, engagements permitting).

Particulars from the Sec., 9, FITZROY SQUARE, W.1

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months " "	15s. 0d.
Three " " "	7s. 6d.

HOLIDAYS

Subscribers about to go on holiday are reminded that the Publisher must receive Change of Address instructions by first post Wednesday morning to be effective. Permanent as well as temporary address should be given.

SHORT TERM SUBSCRIPTIONS

Readers can have "The New Statesman and Nation" posted to them to their holiday address by sending instructions together with 7d. for each issue they wish to receive.

All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

WOODCARVING

L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He can make many suggestions how this rare and lovely art can fit into the modern or period home.

Photographs are available. Send for particulars to

L. W. PENDRED
Woodworker and Carver
PISHILL BANK
STONOR, OXON
'Phone: Nettlebed 41.

Seducers	The Bagman's Roll.
Murderers	Collar of St. Eloi.
Embezzlers	Order of the Golden Passage (Calais First Class).
Bigamists	Order of Solomon's Seal.

JAMES CONN

SECOND PRIZE (2)

Robber	Commander of the Booty.
Peculator	Order of Credit.
Confidence Trickster	Lord of Appeal in Pockets.
Shoplifter	Royal Order of the Fleet.
Cat Burglar	Knight Commander of the Tiles.
Smash and Grab Raider	Most Illustrious Order of the Brick.
Bag Snatcher	Pretender to the Purse.
Seducer	Lord Worshipful Grand Master of the Wink.
Murderer	Companion of the most Sanguinary Order of the Yarrow.
Dope Smuggler	Exalted Order of Purveyor of Dreams.

OLWEN LAWTON

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 133.—BEAUTY QUEENS

Disgusted by the obvious incompetence of the jury they had convened, the Committee of the Southshine Beauty Festival decided that the girls should choose their own Queen. Professor A. B. Surd, of the local Polytechnic, was invited to work out a plan.

The Professor duly complied. "My plan," he explained, "is simple but ingenious. Each competitor will have as many votes as there are candidates competing. These she must distribute among her rivals—giving to any of them, at her discretion, one vote, two votes, or three votes (the maximum). She may not give any votes to herself. The candidate securing most votes will become the Southshine Beauty Queen."

The plan was accepted, and the prospective Queens duly voted. No two of them, as luck would have it, chose the same method of partitioning their votes—the result being that every possible method was utilised. Even so, the Professor's plan proved a failure, as when the votes were added up every candidate had the same number!

Here are some facts about the voting:

Miss Saltville gave the same vote to four rivals: Miss Dipwell, Miss Splasham, Miss Tangotown and Miss Whelkbourne. Miss Tangotown liked Miss Splasham best, but gave no votes to Miss Dipwell, Miss Whelkbourne or Miss Sandybeach. Miss Sandybeach gave a maximum vote to Miss Whelkbourne, and Miss Whelkbourne gave maximum to Miss Sandybeach and Miss Tangotown. Miss Splasham showed most favour to Miss Tangotown and Miss Whelkbourne, while Miss Dipwell's best vote was for Miss Splasham, who got nothing from either Miss Whelkbourne or Miss Sandybeach.

How many votes did Miss Sandybeach give Miss Dipwell?

PROBLEM 131.—WHOOPEE IN DUDPORE

Enid collected 14 presents.

This problem is simple once its essential idea has been grasped (I last used it in a more difficult problem, No. 94, *Intelligence Tests*, published last October, and before that in Problem 66, *Hot Cross Buns*). If the number of participants in the treasure hunt is p, and the number of presents is n,

$$2(p-1)n - 5n = 1957$$
$$\text{whence } (2p-7)n = 1957$$
$$= 19 \times 103$$

and, since 1957 has no other factors, there must be 103 presents and $\frac{19+7}{2} = 13$ participants in the treasure-hunt. And since the two lowest divisions of 103 are known to be 1 and 3, the presents found by the various seekers must have been 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 respectively.

PROBLEM 130.—BLUE RIBBON

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. C. Goolden, Town Court Cottage, Orpington, Kent.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

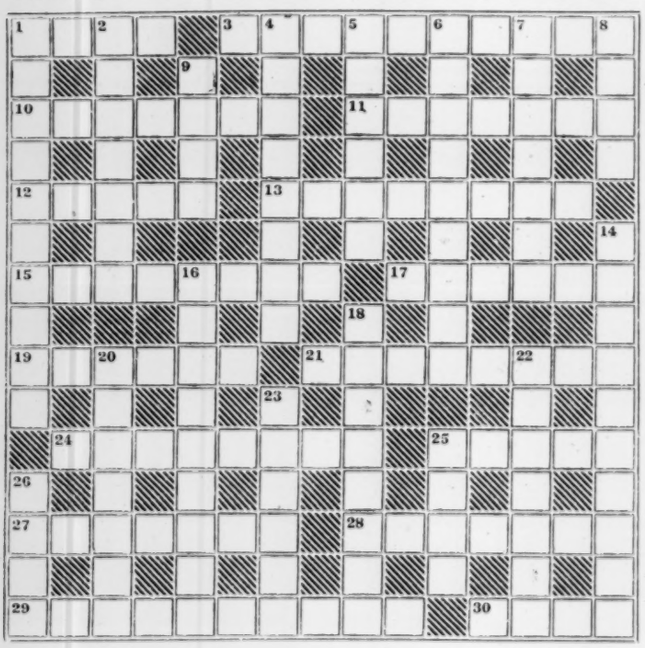
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 279

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. Snodgrass, North Down, Grassy Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent.

ACROSS

1. Domestic glass holder.
3. Correspondence brings it business.
10. "Copious" embroidery perhaps.
11. Toper's favourite sport.
12. Their skin frequently saves people
13. Boatman beware lest it become a stick in the mud.
15. Less pretentious tattoo than the Aldershot one.
17. In red's in reverse.
19. First-class sign of marriage.
21. Vegetables produced by cutting items from newspapers.
24. Took the strain of the Victorian figure.
25. Fruity request to father to shake hands.
27. It is now offensive for motor cars to be so, so to speak, by night.
28. You might expect this creature to eat bran.
29. Architectural big end in the Lake District.
30. She exists in duplicate.

DOWN

1. Food for times when there isn't enough to eat?
2. A spinet wisely converted.
4. Calm perfection.
5. "And flecked Darkness like a drunkard reels From forth Day's path and—fiery wheels."
6. Ships fond of ornamental waters.
7. Heraldically joined or orientally executed.
8. Seat for consumption.
9. Result of vaulting.
14. Peevish expressions that puzzle.
16. Nowadays it is a matter of dropping a card into the box.
18. The pheasants' dance?
20. Is this used to catch water rodents?
22. "Who can—the forest, bid the tree Unfix his earth-bound root!"
23. Give me a car for this.
25. Natty Bumpo was good at finding it.
26. Holds one up under water.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	A	M	E	L	O	T	■	F	R	A	N	T	I	C
L	■	E	■	A	■	U	■	R	■	C	■	I	■	R
I	N	D	E	P	E	N	D	E	N	C	E	D	A	Y
Q	■	I	■	P	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	S
U	R	C	H	I	N	S	■	D	O	U	B	L	E	T
E	■	I	■	N	■	I	■	O	■	N	■	■	■	A
■	A	N	A	G	R	A	M	M	A	T	I	C	A	L
A	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	R	■	S
F	A	L	L	I	N	G	O	F	F	A	L	O	G	■
F	■	■	■	L	■	R	■	I	■	R	■	W	■	F
L	O	B	E	L	I	A	■	J	O	U	R	N	A	L
I	■	O	■	W	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	L	■	O
C	A	R	R	I	A	G	E	A	N	D	P	A	I	R
T	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	N	■	E
S	T	R	I	D	E	S	■	S	O	L	I	D	U	S

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light, breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d., double 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

CHELSEA, 33 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 9986. Newly opened house of luxurious Divan Rooms, furnished limed oak. Hot and cold basins (concealed). From 30s. per week, with breakfasts; 6s. 6d. per night. Dinner optional. Dining room.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

BUTTERMERE. "Most beautiful valley in England." Victoria Golf Hotel. Swiss balconies. 4½ Gns. Hot water and electricity in all bedrooms.

MOTORING. No better centre than THORSHILL HOTEL, HINDHEAD, Surrey. The coast but 27 miles away, the surrounding country beyond compare. You will find every comfort and peace and quiet here. 'Phone 545.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans, Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. MRS. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

SALTDEAN. Guests received, charming house, facing sea; separate tables; excellent cooking; close beach, Downs, riding school. GLENDOWER, Saltdean, Brighton. Rottingdean 9552.

CORNWALL. Detached Bungalow. Two miles sea. Newly built. Bath, h. and c., sleep six. Available Sept. and onwards. PARKER, New England, Hitchin, Herts.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from Miss VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

ACHILL, W. of Ireland; finest scenery in Europe; 18 hrs. London; close to sea. Terms, £2 10s. weekly. Apply Postmistress, Dugont.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

THE LE PLAY SOCIETY

AUGUST VISITS include:—(1) BULGARIA (Sofia, Black Sea, and Rhodope Mountains); (2) RUSSIA via Leningrad, Moscow to the Caucasus; (3) ANDORRA (hotel or camping); (4) DENMARK and SWEDEN; (5) The OUTER HEBRIDES, Stornoway (hotel or camping).
Write MISS MARGARET TATTON, Director, 58 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

KENT. Restful accommodation amid beautiful country old-world village. Bath, h. and c. Efficient catering. Garage. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden. 'Phone 46.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

RETIRED RECTOR and wife welcome p.g. in charming home, holiday or perm. Garden, garage, library, lounge, from 2½ gs. (sharing) to 4 gs. VIATOR, 151 Leam Terrace, Leamington Spa.

WEST CORNWALL. Convenient well-furnished cottage for long or short periods, holidays or residence (not August). Delightful situation near village on famous coast between Land's End and St. Ives. Glorious country. Sandy bathing coves. Terms and photos from MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Sussex. Beautiful home for guests, standing in 7 acres. Restful; electric light; central heating; garage; tennis. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. Tel.: Nutley 96.

PRIVATELY OWNED CARAVAN to let in Worcestershire orchard, no other campers. Near River Severn. Tennis court available. Apply R. H. BELL, Titton Hill Fruit Farm, Stourport, Worcs.

CHARMING large furnished bungalow near the summit of Chiltern Hills (large garden). With garage, 3½ guineas a week during August. Box 822, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SOUTH DOWNS. Large one-roomed bungalow (verandah) and Caravan to let any time July–Sept. Three beds, well water. Isolated, between Washington and Storrington. Wonderful views. 25s. per week. Box 804, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 6os. (season). Seaside centre at Borth-y-Gest. Prog. Free. Tel. 26. N. S. KERR.

CORNWALL. Furnished Bungalow, July 2 weeks, also September. Electric light and cooker. Near beach. MRS. STRICKLAND, Penlan, Brecon.

BRECON. Furnished house to let during school holidays. Magnificent views. Large secluded garden. MRS. STRICKLAND, Penlan, Brecon.

BRONTË-COUNTRY, near Moors and Parsonage Museum. MRS. WILLMORE, Sowdens, Haworth, Keighley.

WYE VALLEY Guest House and Craft Centre. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Chepstow, Mon.

SWITZERLAND, WILDERSWIL (Interlaken) Park Hotel and Pension des Alpes. Homelike Family Hotel with every modern convenience. Garage. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Centre for Walks and Daily Excursions. Special terms for 1935. MMES. E. & M. LUTHI, Props.

TYROL. Reader has just returned from delightful holiday at Seefeld, 1 hr. Innsbruck. Lovely scenery, good walking country, unspoilt by motors or tourists. Simple hotel, perfectly equipped, excellent cooking and service. From 10s. a day. Director, BERGHOF, Seefeld-i-T. Further information if desired. Box 831, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

UNDER 10s. A DAY. Grand Hotel Bellevue. First Class Hotel, Westende. *THE "CAP D'ANTIBES" OF BELGIUM.* Write for particulars: Westende-Plage Bureau, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Vic. 8033.

BAVARIA. Small hotel. Beautiful surroundings. Bathing. English spoken. 35 m. wkly. Fuller details apply Box 813, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AUSTRIA.—Really cheap, good accommodation for student. 50 schilling per week, 10 schilling extra for instruction German, in home near Innsbruck, in valley. Information apply MRS. POLLOCK, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wiltshire.

SWISS holiday away from hotels. Party of 3–5 can be accommodated for July and August in chalet 5,400ft. above sea-level, magnificent scenery. Apply MLLE. DANUSER, La Forclaz, d'Hérens, Valais; or MRS. BARLOW, Boswells, Wendover.

SHOPPING BY POST

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3s.
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 3½. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

REALLY GOOD CIDER. Once you have tried "QUANTOCK VALE" you will never wish for better. Finest quality in cask and bottle at moderate prices, direct from producers. Send for list, or enclose 10s. for mixed case of 9 Champagne quarts (carr. paid). QUANTOCK VALE CIDER CO., LTD., NORTH PETHERTON, BRIDGWATER.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

CHEERFUL TOWN LIFE IN LOVELIEST SURROUNDINGS
WELWYN is famous for its architecture and preservation of natural beauty. Modern houses now ready: 5 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, ideal boiler, large garden, from £540 with £7 ground rent. Others £775, £850 and upwards. Charming sites, for which special houses will be designed. 30 minutes King's Cross. Good golf, tennis, cricket, swimming. First-class dramatic societies and many other clubs. Good schools. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. Howard, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

ARE YOU LOOKING
for the perfect house? Plan it yourself and let us build it for you anywhere you like. If necessary we can help you find up to 100 per cent. of its cost, and other benefits. Full particulars from GOOD HOUSES AND DECORATIONS LTD., 296 Regent Street, W.1. Langham 1484.

A HOUSE with individuality amidst delightful country yet close to town. Designed by an Architect. 4 bedrooms. Garage. Well equipped. Five minutes Brookmans Park Station and golf links. £1,330 Freehold. Box 830, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY. Picturesque post-war detached house in pleasantest part of town: 3 bed, 2 rec., sep. lav. Central heating. Constant hot water (gas heater). Garage. Large garden shelter. Secluded garden suitable for sun bathing. Fruit trees, pond and swing. £950, gr. rent 35s., 990 years. MASTERS 107 Handside Lane, Welwyn Garden City.

OPEN country. Perfect quiet, 1 hour from London, advertiser's home, 4 bed, 2 recep., bath, h. and c., to let furnished Aug., Sept.: £3 3s. weekly. Sutcliffe, Reigate Heath.

ATTRACTIVE Guest House in quiet square, close Earl's Court Underground. Divan rooms newly furnished. Single or double, some with private bath. Complete service available. C.H.W., 25s. to 42s. 63 Earl's Court Square, S.W.5. Flaxman 6979.

W.C.1. Small furnd. flat, 30s. 15 Heathcote Street, Mecklenburg Sq., or 'phone PRI 1043.

HAMPSTEAD. Furnd. double room, piano, use kit., 23s. to 25s., also smaller 14s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue.

WEST HILL, Highgate. Attrac. furnd. room, kit., bathroom, in mod. flat, for gentleman or young couple. 20s. Box 830, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.2.

GORDON SQUARE. Exceptionally pleasant room partly furnished, use kitchen, bath. 21s. MUS 3095 evenings.

RICHMOND. Period riverside flat. Modern furniture. Books. Garden, garage. Furnd. July 20th–Sept. 20th, 2 months or less. Richmond 0444.

WANTED.—4-room cottage, 15-20 miles London. £40-60 p.a. Modern conveniences, secluded, garden, garage. 19 Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

MOTORING

£15 Wolseley 16 h.p. Saloon, 1928, little used and in first rate mechanical order. Appearance shabby. This blousy old romp has life and energy for a large family. CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

MISCELLANEOUS

BLACK FOREST, lovely Freiburg, University town. Students received in comfortable family home from October. Best German and French tuition; music; winter sports. Eng. refs. MRS. BRANDENBURG, Coombe Bank, Sidmouth.

SUN FOLK SOCIETY (Nudist), formed 1930, has few vacancies. Excellent accommodation in 5 acres beautiful woodland. Bathing pool. 4 Newport House 16 Great Newport Street, W.C.2.

YOUNG man wants companion for walking tour in Europe: start end July. Box 828, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday. 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

WOULD some reader of this paper care to post his or her copy, when finished with, to a religious community in India for use in their public Reading Room? Particulars from Box 798, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

ABYSSINIA AND THE STOCK MARKETS—SILVER—JAMES & SHAKSPEARE —DE BEERS

WILL a war in Abyssinia upset the stock markets? Provided Europe remains calm the question is superfluous. Our industrial profits boom now rests upon the firm foundations of armaments. If the recovery began in this country with the revival of such investment industries as building (thanks to cheap money and an isolated monetary system) it has developed apace with the revival in the capital goods industries under the stimulus of the re-armament orders of the great European Powers. If Italy and Abyssinia are to contribute an increased quota to this boom, why should the stock markets worry? The City is, indeed, profoundly relieved to know that Great Britain can take no effective action to stop the war, and without French co-operation will not attempt to do so. Last week I argued that a reaction in British industrial ordinary shares was overdue but that the trend was still upward. At the moment of writing a mild reaction is going on, but in view of the excellent trade reports and the "public-works-cum-cheap-money" policy of the Government no serious reaction can take place unless some really bad news comes along. As it is impossible for a weekly commentator to time his recommendations exactly I will give a list of British industrial ordinary shares belonging to the booming industries which are worth buying for the short view on any sizable reaction :—

	Highest Price, 1935.	Present Price.	Dividends. Last.	Dividends. Est.	Gross Yield % on Est. Div.
BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION					
Associated Portland Cement	56/6	53/9	10	12½	£4 13 0
British Portland Cement ..	4 19/32	4 3/16	17½	22½	£4 18 9
Turner and Newall, Ltd. ..	59/6	56/6	10	12½	£4 8 6
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING					
General Electric	60/9	57/9	10	12½	£4 6 6
Associated Electrical ..	35/6	35/–	5	7½	£4 5 9
CONSUMPTION GOODS					
Carreras £1 "A"	8 19/32	8¼	35	40	£4 17 0
Courtaulds	59/9	59/3	7½ net	9 net	£3 18 3
ARMAMENTS					
Handley Page 8/- nom. cum. 10% prg. pref. ..	28/–	25/–	15	17½	£5 11 0
Bristol 10/–	58/–	53/3	30*	25	£4 14 0

* On new capital, equivalent rate would be 23.4%.

A few notes to this table may be added. The cement companies this year are receiving 2s. per ton more in profits. Associated, being the parent company with a "highly geared" capitalisation, has the greater speculative prospects for the longer view. Of the electrical manufacturers, which may look dear in market valuation, Associated is now making profits in every department of its business, but General Electric has the more widely spread trade and is less dependent upon the "heavy" electrical goods. The index of new orders received by the heavy electrical manufacturing industry (1920 = 100) has risen from 60 in May, 1934, to 117 in May, 1935. This has not yet been fully reflected in the companies' trading accounts. In the consumption goods trades, Carreras are recovering from the shock of losing the coupon cigarette trade and are "tipped" for a dividend increase. Courtaulds go on from strength to strength, with output rising and a new yarn being developed, to say nothing of cellophane. Bristol Aeroplane, I am sure, is the finest armaments gamble in the world. Its gross earnings this year should amount to over 40 per cent. on the ordinary share capital But Handley Page are cheaper.

* * *

The silver bullion market is having a hectic time. It is inundated with selling orders from speculators in the East and has to delay fixing a price in the morning until it has telephoned to the American Treasury to find out how much it will buy. As the price is fixed in London at 11.30 on Saturdays this means getting Mr. Morgenthau out of bed at 6.30. Mr. Morgenthau has only himself to blame. When he raised the price of silver to 77.5 cents per oz. on April 24th he issued a general invitation to speculators to help themselves. When the world price rose above 81 cents it became profitable to melt Mexican pesos and 50 centavos, the silver content of which was based on a 78 cents price. So the Mexican Government called in all silver coins and issued paper currency in their place and Washington abruptly stopped increasing the price of silver. Negotiations followed between the Mexican and American Treasuries and it was later announced that the United States would mint 40 million 50-centavo pieces for Mexico, although the amount of silver to be contained in the new coins was not made public. Unofficially it has been ascertained that the percentage of silver in the Mexican new coins has been reduced from 72 per cent. fine to 42 per cent. fine and that the same dollar rate of exchange is to be maintained, namely 3.6 pesos to $1. This suggests that Mexico was informed definitely by Washington that its coinage must be protected against a rise in the price of silver to at least $1.29 per ounce. I fail to see why the silver bullion market should worry.

* * *

The Official Receiver's report on the James and Shakspeare liquidation still leaves many questions unanswered. One thing, however, is clear—that on September 3rd, 1934, the day when the prospectus of the James and Shakspeare issue was advertised in the Press, Williams Henry and Company, the control of which was being acquired, held a forward position in shellac to the extent of £756,744 and in pepper to the extent of £1,055,000, and that no financial arrangements had been made to meet these commitments except for a third of the position in shellac. The Official Receiver comes to the conclusion "that there was an ulterior motive in omitting from the prospectus any reference to this state of affairs, particularly having regard to the fact that on September 7th, 1934, there was due for payment in connection with shellac contracts a sum of approximately £380,300." The auditors handed to the Official Receiver a balance sheet of Williams Henry which contained a note to the effect that the company had entered into forward contracts which were not taken into account in the figures. The auditors explained that they had notice of the shellac contracts, but regarded them as being in the normal course of business and at prices which showed a considerable potential profit. The James and Shakspeare issue was underwritten by Cull and Company, and it is not stated if the real situation of Williams Henry was disclosed to them. Whether the underwriters will be able to proceed against the directors or the sub-underwriters against the underwriters remains to be seen, but I wish to raise at this stage the larger question of a revision to the Companies Act. It is obviously not enough to require, as the Act does, that "material" contracts must be disclosed in the prospectus of a new company. Apparently contracts entered into in the "normal course of business" (to quote the accountants) may not be "material" in the terms of the Companies Act. Thus, James and Shakspeare, produce brokers, can buy a controlling interest in Williams Henry, engaged in the same line of business, and make a public issue of shares without having to disclose in its prospectus that Williams Henry in the "normal course of business" had landed itself with heavy commitments in forward contracts in shellac and pepper. I submit that the Companies Act should immediately be amended to require that Company promoters and others offering shares for public subscription should be required to disclose all information which it would be desirable for a potential investor to know. And the Stock Exchange Committee should alter its rules to deal with the advertisements of "introductions." The matter is urgent because we are entering upon another boom in new issues. Prospectuses have already been issued in recent weeks inviting the public to subscribe for shares the prospects of which are dubious in the extreme. As long as the issuing system in the City exists primarily to give financial profits to the promoters and issuing houses (or to save them from financial losses) the safeguarding requirements of the Companies Act should be made much more exacting.

* * *

The outrageous proposal of the directors of De Beers in regard to the preference shares, on which I commented two weeks ago, has been withdrawn after "further discussions with the Association of Investment Trusts and with important preference shareholders." A correspondent writes to me: "Your comments on the De Beers scheme erred on the side of mildness. Events of the last few years have made me fairly cynical in regard to financial matters, but if anyone had told me six months ago that a director of the Bank of England could countenance a scheme of this kind I should have refused to believe it." The rights of preference shareholders have been vindicated as a result of organised protest. The Association of Investment Trusts have done good work, but let no one suppose that this august body of established and stuffy capitalists would fight for the rights of the small shareholder if they happened to conflict with the interests of the big investment trusts. The small shareholder should support the Shareholders' Protection Association in order to squeal and howl in unison.

Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND

SIR AUSTIN HARRIS ON THE OUTLOOK

The 63rd Ordinary General Meeting of the Bank was held on Tuesday in London.

Sir Austin E. Harris, K.B. (the chairman of the bank), said (in part) :—We are able to show an improvement in net profit of £7,000. Gross profits are £20,000 better, but Dominion income-tax, under the heading of expenses, has absorbed the whole of this improvement. Income-tax is still a very serious burden on the banks in New Zealand, but we are not without hope that before long the method of assessment will be placed on a more equitable and less onerous footing.

We propose to pay a final dividend in sterling at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum free of income-tax, and the carry forward is £115,400 ; as against £106,400 last year.

The Chairman then referred to the general banking position in the Dominion, and continued :—

The Reserve Bank of New Zealand has nearly completed its first year, and I think I may say that the change has been effected with the minimum of disturbance to all concerned. The governor, at the first annual meeting of the Reserve Bank, indicated that the bank would pursue a steady course, and would not embark on any rash experiments. He also made it clear that in the absence of any change in conditions, the bank would aim at maintaining the rates of exchange at their present level.

The more settled feeling with regard to exchange is reflected in the balance of trade figures at March 31st last. The excess of exports this year is £9,903,000, as against last year's excess of £15,926,000. Importers, relieved from exchange anxiety, were evidently encouraged to buy, and latest figures show that this tendency is persisting.

EXPORTS

Exports were disappointing towards the end of the year, especially as regards wool and butter prices. The average price per bale received for wool was £12 12*s*. 9*d*., as against £14 5*s*. 11*d*. last year, and the quantity shipped was 621,070 bales, as compared with 811,719.

The average price received for butter was 8.7*d*. per lb., as compared with 9.1*d*. a year ago, and the quantity was about 2,000 tons less. The quantity of cheese exported was slightly over 1,000 tons less, but the value was maintained at 5.1*d*. per lb.

Lamb, mutton and beef showed an improvement in both quantity and value, the average price of lamb advancing from 5.5*d*. to 6.7*d*. per pound, and that of mutton from 3*d*. to 3.9*d*. per pound. There is, of course, a certain amount of anxiety in this market as to the final outcome of the discussions now taking place in London, and it is to be hoped that some satisfactory agreement will be reached.

Referring to the chilled beef trade, the chairman said : Now that the Dominions—I include Australia—have demonstrated that chilled beef can be sent over in good condition, it seems only reasonable to hope that they may receive a greater proportion of the total beef imports to this country, of which at present 75 per cent. are foreign and only 25 per cent. from the British Empire.

GOVERNMENT FINANCE

The Minister of Finance was able at March 31st last to show a Budget surplus of £1,626,000 as opposed to the deficit of £709,000 last year. This is a very satisfactory result in spite of the fact that some of this surplus has been obtained from the profitable realisation of part of the gold taken from the banks.

That New Zealand credit stands very high in London is shown by the success of the issue of £8,000,000 3 per cent. stock which will be used to repay the 5 per cent. stock maturing in October next. It is pleasing to see that the New Zealand Government has been able to borrow here on terms almost as good as those obtained by our own Government. The only other loan operation here during the year was the conversion of the £3,989,000 4 per cent. Loan, 1933–43, into 3½ per cent. Stock maturing 1955–60.

I am glad to say that the figures of unemployment show a steady improvement. In March, 1934, the number of men wholly or partly a charge on the Unemployment Board was 62,114 ; this year the corresponding figure was 50,345.

The past year has again been a very difficult one for bankers, and we have been hard put to it to find profitable employment for our funds. The signs of returning confidence became more apparent during the year, and trade conditions within the Dominion evince a somewhat more healthy tone, so that we are encouraged to hope that we have seen the worst.

Our own efforts, as in the past, will be directed towards giving all the assistance and encouragement we can to our customers, and as conditions tend to improve we shall hope to see a greater demand for accommodation. The bank is in a strong and healthy condition.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Sir Herbert Barker SHOES

A message from Sir Herbert Barker, the eminent specialist in Manipulative Surgery

'Where the bones of the feet are constricted and the muscles are not allowed to move freely, weariness is only to be expected. Whereas complete freedom from nerve pressure and full allowance for natural movement," such as characterise the shoes I have designed, result not only in foot health, but in a marked improvement in the general health as well.'

Herbert Barker

The Sir Herbert Barker Shoe, being built on natural principles, enables the toes to 'fan out' when walking. This gives nature a chance to rectify the troubles caused by wearing 'restrictive' footwear. At the same time the Sir Herbert Barker Shoe has been designed to give a pleasing and stylish appearance. The ever increasing demand from men and women all over the country proves that it is meeting with wide appreciation. Obtainable from Agents in over 100 leading towns. *Sports models now available*

● WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET describing how Sir Herbert Barker discovered the ideal Shoe—also a copy of 'Truth' investigation. A postcard will do

NORVIC SHOE Co., Dept. 8, NORTHAMPTON

The CHILD of a WISE MOTHER

HIS SHOES ARE SOLED WITH

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn. CVS-76

for Longer Wear & Greater Comfort

"THIS GREAT SERVICE THE LIFE-BOATS"

"I appeal," says the Prince of Wales, "to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service—the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets."

Edward P.

One million £/- are needed every year. What can you afford as your share ?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,

Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY. Honorary Treasurer.

LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.